

THE NEW WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

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EVANGELINE BOOTH
Commissioner.

Price 5 Cents.

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our Field Fighters
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Official Gazette of
Army, published by
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Street, Toronto.



MILLIONS ARE MADE—REVENUES UP-HELD, BUT, OH! THE COST.

DAILY MESSAGES

From the Syrian Version of the New Testament.

SUNDAY.—Therefore we pray . . . that God . . . would fill you . . . with the works of faith by power. II Thess. I. 2.

Monday.—He shall come . . . to display His wonders in His faithful ones. II Thess. I. 10.

Tuesday.—God called you . . . that ye might be the glory to our Lord Jesus, the Messiah. II Thess. II. 14.

Wednesday.—Persevere in the precepts which ye have been taught. II Thess. II. 15.

Thursday.—Henceforth, pray ye . . . that the word of our Lord may in every place run and be glorified. II Thess. III. 1.

Friday.—Let it not be wearisome to you to do what is good. II Thess. III. 13.

Saturday.—He rose much before others, and retired to a solitary place, and there prayed. Mark I. 35.

UP-TO-DATE

FACTS OF THE FIGHT.

"BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TOMORROW, FOR THOU KNOWEST NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH." Prov. xxvii. 1.

FATHER SCOTT, of Fargo, seventy-four years of age, who has only been saved some nine weeks, and who was on his way to Valley City, met an old acquaintance of his and immediately talked to him about his soul. The man, of course, admitted that salvation was the right thing to have, but thought that there was lots of time for him, he would get saved some other time.

When Father Scott returned from Camp Meetings he of course went back to the same way he came, and to his great sorrow the awful fact met that the same man was being got ready for burial.

"IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT," ETC.

THESE words were terribly fulfilled in D. . . A young man who was employed in the yard was engaged in fixing a belt on a part of the machinery, when all at once he was caught in the belt and hurled round and round in a frightful manner.

He was killed instantly and his body mangled in a terrible condition. What makes this incident more sad is the fact that he had been attending our meetings for a long time, and had often been down with about his soul. Many a time I warned him to be careful, but it seemed all in vain.

Last Sunday evening he was in the meeting and stayed till the close, but would not yield, though I pleaded and entreated and warned everyone faithfully, and did all in my power to get the people to decide for Christ, but he, with many others, went away unsaved. It is evident Sunday night was his last chance. God took him at his word, for though he may not have said with his lips he would not be saved, yet by his actions he did, and God takes people's actions as soon as their words.

The lesson on Sunday night was "Holshazzar's Feast and the Hand Writing on the Wall" (Dan. v.). What a sad thing to think this morning that that young man has been weighed in the balances so soon.

Sinner, you have often done the same as that young man. You have put off salvation time and again.

Your last chance is coming! Will you be found wanting when weighed in the balances? Oh, turn now. Jesus will save you if you are sincere and surrender all.—H. Linton, Captain.

CONSISTENCY IS ABOUT AS SCARCER IN THE WORLD AS MUSK IN A DOG-KENNEL.

THE ASTRONOMY OF HOLINESS

A Nineteenth Century Psalm.

By ARTHUR BOOTH-CLIBORN, COMMISSIONER.

ENTIRE sanctification—the state described in this pamphlet is, therefore, nothing fantastic or mystic. It is a natural and a necessary state. It is the condition of true happiness. It is adapted to, and necessary to every condition of life. The experience described here can be lived by the factory girl behind the loom, or by the merchant in his office, provided they put God first in all things. It is the life of faith—it is to "live in love." Has God commanded less? Has He promised less? Dure we decide to obey LESS FULLY than this or let ourselves be possessed less completely than this by Him who is LOVE?

There is no fatality about either the obtaining or retaining of this experience. It can be lost by doubt and disobedience as it is gained by the obedience of faith. It can and will be lost by any diminution in the absolute character of the surrender.

Perfect Love is Perfect Common Sense.

Perfect love is, therefore, the perfection of common sense, and the most practical life.

Holiness implies among other things absolute faithfulness and straight-forwardness. It implies that we love truth for its own sake and not for its rewards either internal or external. It requires perfect truth in the inward parts—even true THINKING—honest, pure, true, loving THOUGHTS. To be truly holy is to be wholly true.

Holiness is absolute in all its obligations.

It implies the absolute forgiveness of all injuries, the absolute loving of all enemies. The Christian who wishes for heart-holiness is under obligation to confess the smallest wrong he has done to his brother without ever asking his brother to acknowledge anything. He had the latter wronged him ten thousand times more. And why?—Because in holiness, man is shut up to, finding

again lost souls, as lost to earth, as when they were to heaven; and to be "dead to the world though living therein." There are two kinds of lost souls, those who are lost in sin and self, and those who are lost in God. It is the latter who are alone at liberty, and can go to the rescue of the former, and die daily, in some form or other, for their salvation. They are alone and they alone can love all mankind. Equally free from seeking earth's approbation or from resenting earth's rejection, they occupy a position of inward impartiality and independence which enables them to see clear and walk straight. Thus crucified to the world, they have power for its salvation; for Pentecost comes not before but after Calvary.

Through Death to Life.

Through death to life is the universal law. The leaves which protect the bud die off to give place to the flower, the flower dies to give place to the fruit. The fruit falls into the ground and dies in order to multiply and appear in the new crop.

To-morrow's day-light is only attained through the night, the summer is only reached through the winter. It is only on dead stars like our planet—those which have burnt out—that life can flourish.

This death consists in the constant surrender of all the best of everything we have—under the law of love—for the progression of the true life upon earth. It means the surrender of the most legitimate affections and possessions, at the call of the interests of the Kingdom of God.

It is the universal law under which the tree yields its choicest fruit ungrudgingly unto death, as the only means of raising the new harvest.

For life to work in the sinner death must work in the apostle, and our converts will be only worth exactly what

Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry; and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.

EXODUS XXII., 21-24.

his reward in God. He must not seek it in man. His heaven is not outward but inward; for evil and good are not external but internal things. Happiness does not consist in what we HAVE or WHERE we are, but in WHAT we ARE.

The sanctified man is one who has left himself and "come to Jesus" and has "found rest." This psalm is destined to describe the holy independence of those who thus walk by faith, not by sight; who depend upon Christ and not upon themselves; who do not even put their trust in their own faith but in Him who upholds the universe.

The Heaven of Love.

Oh, what a heaven of love—divine, infinite, unfathomable love. Who can describe the happiness of those who have "left behind them the verge of the crumbling precipice of sin and self into the blue ocean of divine love, and have lost themselves therein? Who can describe the peace of those who have pushed off from the shore and committed their bark to the river of God's grace to be carried wherever it will? Who can describe the rest of those in whom all the resistance to the will of God, all unbelief towards the spirit of holiness, has ceased, and who have yielded themselves up to the exclusive control of the ATTRACTION of love, choosing the invisible, limitless God as their home and their portion forever, renouncing all earthly foothold, prop or stay, in order to find their all in Him?

We are all called to become once

they cost US—what they cost our natural "life" and self and preferences and love of ease, and fear of suffering; for it is only in the measure in which we sacrifice that we can have POWER, our Pentecost will be in exact proportion to our Calvary, and the quality of our converts will be according to the intensity of our Pentecost.

There is, therefore, no such thing as "evangelization" without evangelical sacrifice, cross-bearing, self-denial, struggling and suffering for the salvation of the lost, poverty, rejection and manifold and daily deaths inward and outward. Religion is only worth what it costs. Converts, too, CAN only be worth what they cost. Those who cost US nothing are worth nothing. Wherever there is a REAL convert be sure SOMEONE has had to sacrifice himself.

Where there has been no Calvary there can be no salvation. Where no corn of wheat has fallen into the ground and died can be no crop. This is true not only of the Saviour, but also of those who carry His salvation to others—their message will have LIFE in it just to the degree in which they "love not their lives" but "lose them," and consent to die daily "for His sake and the Gospel's."

It is not that what Paul meant when he said: "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body."

For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.

So then death worketh in us, but life in you."

By the Cross, the Universal Centre.

Many can, no doubt, testify, like myself, that their baptisms have not been received so much by being sought as through some solitary acceptance of crucifixion, some act of uttermost surrender to the cross, some fearless march in faithful obedience, in which they died to all fear of all men or of all events, in their determination to obey God utterly and serve mankind absolutely. Such was my experience twenty years ago and often since. As children of Abraham we are called to let go the world and all human beings as he did, in order to belong to God alone, living here below as pilgrims and strangers. Nothing seems to me better fitted to illustrate this life of power, this life of liberty from all that is "of the earth earthly," this Abraham-like life than the homeless, heartless, strengthless, sightless, solitary lot of the stars and worlds of space. Yes, it was upon THEM that God brought Abraham out to look where there was about to show him the secret of the multiplication of the race of the sons of God on earth, death to the world and the absolute offering of ourselves, our loved ones, our ALL to the interests of the Kingdom of God here below. To those alone who accept absolutely, as Abraham did, the law that governs those stars (the law of attraction so perfectly symbolic of the law of love) can it be said "thy seed shall be as numerous as the stars."

And who can sever the Divine bond of spiritual attraction which we call LOVE? Who can separate us from the love of Christ, or who can unite human beings or keep them united by any other bond than Divine love? Who can bind the sweet bonds which unite the Pleiades? Who can loose the bands that hold Orion together? Who can break the unseen and universal bond of attraction which keeps all planets and even all stars, however distant, in their destined place or sphere? What can conquer that most mighty passion of the universe: LOVE?

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. The stake and the fire—not even the glare of the 100,000 eyes which flashed on the martyrs in the Roman Coliseum, have ever quenched or drowned love. It is the mightiest passion of the universe. It—attraction—is the fundamental law which holds all together. All yields to it—ALL but rebellious man.

It is the secret of Calvary.

Christ came to restore this law in man and thus bring him back into heaven here below and hereafter.

And we are all called to offer up our earthly lives to the same blessed object. Thus WE ALSO shall yield over to man that irresistible attraction which love, humility, and self-sacrifice, ever exercise and whose "sweet influence" nothing can "bind" or "loose," create or destroy. Men of sacrifice exercise the highest power in the world. And thus it is that the cross is the highest of all the thrones of this world and the universal centre of attraction.

(To be continued).

Handy Hints for Health and Home.

Two pounds of powdered alum put into three quarts of boiling water and stirred until dissolved. This mixture soaked in with a brush in the joints and crevices of rooms, will destroy those disgusting pests—bugs.

Bubble-and-Squeak.—Cut cold beef in slices about half an inch thick. Fry till heated through and of a light brown. Keep hot. Have ready chopped some cold vegetables, fry these in the pan, stirring well and seasoning with pepper and salt. Serve altogether on a dish.

Vegetable Savoury.—For this dish equal quantities of potatoes and Spanish onions are required; cut them up and season with pepper and salt, put them in a saucepan with a good lump of butter, and cook till they are tender. No water is required, but the vegetables should be stirred occasionally.

For Sore Eyes.—A handful of double parsley, put in a pint of water, boiled and allowed to simmer until it is reduced to half a pint. Strain into a bottle. To use, pour a little in a saucer and bathe the eyes with a piece of clean rag. Repeat as often as necessary, using fresh liquid and rag each time.

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EVELYN'S VICTORY.

By BRIGADIER COMPLAIN.

CHAPTER IV.

I T D indeed seem as if that meeting was designed especially for Evelyn, and the Spirit of God brought home to her heart very powerfully that night the words of the Gospel to the effect that he who is not willing to forsake father, mother, brothers, sisters, and home for Christ's sake and the Gospel, is not worthy to be His disciple. As the truth struck Evelyn's heart, her will responded obediently. A new flood of light and power came upon her, and she was confirmed in her purpose to follow the leading of God's Spirit, young as she was.

She well understood the state of mind of those who dearly loved at home, and it was like tearing out her heart-strings to so continually thwart every kind effort they made, as they thought, for her welfare, but she saw clearly the finger of the Lord pointing out her path, and she left the consequences with God, resolved to be obedient at all costs.

By-and-bye the meeting closed, and Evelyn made her way home. Previous to her connection with the Salvation Army she would have been able to slip in the house as she so desired, unnoticed, but now the whole family seemed to be on the watch for her. She made her way round to the back entrance, opened the garden gate and walked up the path, hoping it possible to escape observation, but in vain.

Just after she passed inside the door of the house, her mother met her. Mrs. Steadfast had brought up seven children and not one of them had dared to resist her wishes as young Evelyn was doing, and she was wrought up about it that it was plain to whoever spoke to her there was mischief in the air for Evelyn.

She pounced down upon the poor child without one trace in either voice or gesture of the great big heart of love she really possessed for her youngest and darling child, and demanded to know if Evelyn had been to the Army.

"I have, mother," Evelyn replied. Without another word she found herself pushed out of the house by her own mother's hand, and the door slammed against her.

Poor child! She didn't know what to do. She had never been in such a predicament before. She was, however, not the sort to sit down and weep without an effort to better her circumstances, but she was too dazed at the time to think what she should do, so she wandered aimlessly away towards the churchyard, and there amongst the tombs, she thought of the Saviour, and His suffering for her, and lifted her heart to Him for grace to go through.

She did not feel lonely or afraid until the hands of the clock began to point towards twelve, when the sound of drunken laughter, intermingled with oaths and curses from drunken people who were making their way to their homes in various parts of the city, after spending the evening in drinking and its associate vices, alarmed her.

She had never been so unpleasantly near this type of sin before, and feeling it was so late she thought she would steal back quietly to the house. She knew that there was a tool-house just inside the garden gate, and if the back gate was only left undone she could creep into the tool-house and shelter there until the morning light.

Sure enough the gate was unfastened and Evelyn for the first time in her life within a stone's throw of those whom she loved and who ones loved her dearly, and for Jesus Christ's sake stretched her tired limbs on the cold earth, and with a heavy heart laid down to sleep.

It was no trouble to get up from such a bed as that when the morning light dawned, and before any of the family were about, she left the home of her childhood with an aching heart, but a conscience void of offence, and a high resolve to follow Jesus Christ. It occurred to her that she could go down to the Midland Railway Station and get a wash-up at the ladies' waiting room. This she did, then walked forth to fight the battle of life, alone—yet not alone.

CHAPTER V.

THE Steadfast family buried their grief in their hearts, stood by their determination to force Evelyn out of what they considered her mad freaks, or else leave her unrecognized as a member of the family. Hattie's heart was nearly broke, but they made no enquiries about Evelyn and only heard casually that she

was frequently at the Salvation Army, and working amongst the soldiers. So it continued for the space of six months.

Finally, after talking the matter over, the Steadfast family thought they would find Evelyn up, bring her home again, and as she should probably be satisfied with her nonsensical notions, they would try and induce her to come back and forget the past. So Evelyn returned home; but to their chagrin, she returned home an inveterate a Salvationist as she had left it, and they soon found that on the question of the Salvation Army Evelyn was as immovable as a rock.

The next shock to the nerves of the Steadfasts, was the announcement that Evelyn was going into the Army. They couldn't quite understand this; they thought she had gone into the Army, very much so, and this other going in, was another step in the mystery of the strange religious organization. Evelyn was so magnanimous with. When they heard it was to leave home and become an officer, they thought it too absurd for anything, but there was a certain amount of pleasure in the thought that Evelyn was not twenty-one, and until they chose to give their consent in writing, the Army would not dare to take their daughter from them.

Great is the power of prayer. Evelyn, whose face was now lit up as much as those first faces she saw when she left the skating party, had power with the Court of Heaven. Impossibilities were overcome, and like the Israelites, she marched through a Red Sea of difficulties.

CHAPTER VI.

DECLARE," said Hattie one morning, to an acquaintance, "the whole town is upset over this Mrs. Booth. She's the one that belongs to the Salvation Army, you know. Evelyn went to her home. I'd like to hear her, perhaps she would say something about Evelyn. Will you come to-night?"

"Oh, yes; I should like to go," replied Hattie's friend, and the appointment was accordingly made for the theatre, where the late Mrs. General Booth was to preach to-morrow.

Some ten minutes or so before the time for the meeting to commence Hattie and her friend presented themselves at the door. Hattie, speaking of this visit afterwards, said they considered themselves awfully afraid they should be seen, and endeavored to get into a quiet out-of-the-way corner as speedily as possible.

The hall seemed to be in a perfect hubbub of confusion. Here a man would rise up and shout just as loud as a coterminator in the street "Hallelujah!" Up and down the aisles were Army men and ladies plugging one to buy War Cry.

It was the strangest method of worship Hattie had ever seen. She, of course, imagined that the meeting was in full progress, and was puzzling her brains to know why any person with any sense at all—her sister Evelyn above all people—could ever dream of allying themselves with such a hodge-podge religious affair as this.

Soon after this the time to commence the meeting arrived, and Mrs. General Booth with a number of Staff Officers took their places on the platform. The

She saw only God's messenger, and herself, and a sense of complete wretchedness took possession of her, till she felt herself the most miserable creature under heaven.

Now she realized how wrong she had been to trust Evelyn in the way she had done.

She saw how blinded she had been to the true facts of the case, and she resolved that all she could do she would do to atone for her past cruelty and wrong-doing.

She had long been a Christian, and had walked according to the light she had, but at its best that seemed as the light of a feeble rush-light, compared with the blaze which now poured in on her soul.

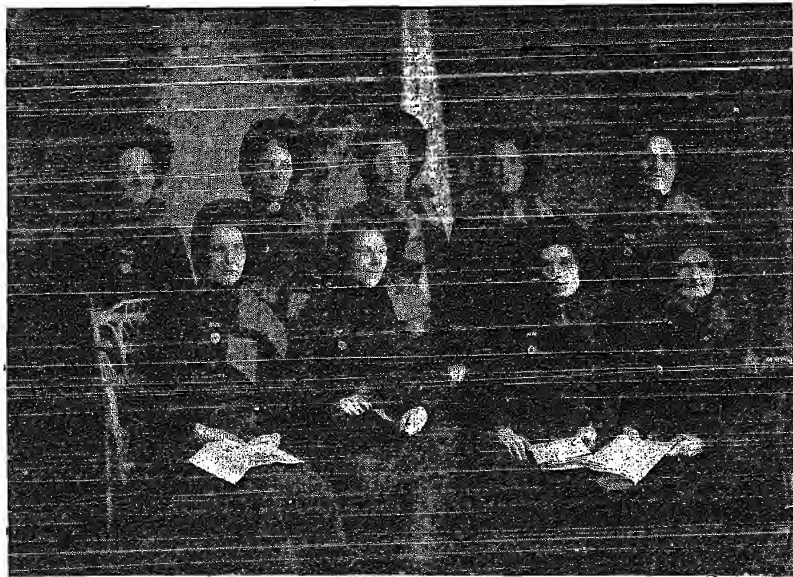
Mrs. Booth finished speaking, and the collection was announced.

"Now," said Hattie to herself, "I can do something," and accordingly when the collection plate came round, she emptied the whole contents of her purse into the plate, amounting to about eight or ten shillings.

Hattie did not sleep that night till she had written a letter to Mrs. Booth, acknowledging her wrong towards her sister, and asking that her sister's address might be supplied her, in order that she might confess the same to Evelyn.

Evelyn sent back to Hattie a letter full of sweet forgiveness, and from that time, the relationship between the two sisters was deeper and sweeter than ever it had been before. Still Hattie had much to learn.

(To be Continued.)



MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE OF MERCY AT LONDON, ONT., MRS. MAJOR SOUTHAL IN COMMAND.

cutties on dry land, by believing prayer. Prayer conquered even her mother's obstinate resistance, and, after many a refusal she was, and was seconded in it by Hattie. "Oh, let her go; let her go out of our sight; anything to get her out of the way," and so Evelyn's Candidature Forms were filed, and one day she received an admission ticket which on presentation would admit her to the Salvation Army Training Home, Clapton, London.

The morning came to depart. Evelyn stood in the room with her full complement of luggage, consisting of one small tin box, a little bigger than a bonnet box.

Hattie came down stairs with mixed feelings of anger and grief. She would not let Evelyn go away without saying good-bye to her, and too, in the midst of it all, the side of the "trunk" struck her so ridiculous for anything. She went to her, kissed her and said good-bye, adding the words, "Well, Evelyn, I hope you will find good friends; if not, perhaps this may help you," and put two sovereigns in Evelyn's palm. Then the train bore away the source of contention, and the home life lay back into its old form outwardly, but there was a gap in the circle, and an ache in the heart of those left behind which could not easily be removed.

whole scene was immediately changed, and Hattie saw that she had been judging the Army hastily.

Then all heads were bowed, and a Staff Officer was called upon to pray.

That first prayer made a mark on Hattie's heart. A glimmer of light seemed to enter into the depths of her spirit, and she felt an uncomfortable sense of condemnation for her treatment of Evelyn.

Then Mrs. Booth gave out the song,

"Depth of mercy can there be,
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear,
Me the chief of sinners spare?"

Hattie thought that song was very good. Soon Mrs. Booth, her Bible in her hand, arose to sing the hymn.

She commenced in a rather low voice. Every ear was attentive.

It was evident Mrs. Booth was a preacher who was possessed by a profound sense of the reality of the great themes about which she spoke.

Under the spell of Mrs. Booth's earnest, forcible, thoughtful and Spirit-baptized utterances, Hattie lost all sense of where she was.

The vast hall with its mass of people faded from her vision; she forgot even the presence of her friend by her side.

GRIMLY TOUCHING.

One of the most pathetic relics of the famine with which Joseph had to deal was discovered in Arabia. A flood of rain accidentally laid bare a tomb containing the remains of a woman having on her person a profusion of valuable jewels. At her head stood a coffin filled with treasure, and a tablet bearing this inscription: "In Thy name, O God of Himyar, I, Tayan, the daughter of Deu Shefar, sent my steward to Joseph, and he delaying to return to me, I sent my handmaid with a measure of silver to bring me back a measure of flour; and not being able to procure it, I sent her with a measure of gold; and not being able to procure it, I sent her with a measure of pearls; and not being able to procure it, I commanded them to be ground; and, finding no profit in them, I am shut here." Poor woman! She must have possessed a grim humour to get herself buried, while starving to death, amidst the costly jewels and pearls which had become of infinitely less value than a crust of bread.

The worst of faults is to think you have none.

CONTRASTS.

(See Frontispiece.)

THE Tussock moth which preys upon the trees of our avenues and boulevards is considered a pest, and must be destroyed. The TREES must be preserved—the PEST must go.

And yet the Drink Traffic is allowed to continue.

The public highway is in a bad state, the roads are full of holes and deep ruts. Traffic is hindered. Such a state of things cannot be allowed in a well-ordered town or city. The ROADS must be repaired. They are a menace to life and property.

And yet the Drink Traffic goes on.

There is an individual who seizes the most favorable street corner to advertise his wares, and perpetrate his hoax upon a too gullible public. The trick is discovered—his nostrums are valueless—he has deceived the public—he is a swindler—he is arrested—the law deals with him—the public approves.

And yet the most gigantic swindle, the most glaring hoax is continued, acknowledged, LICENSED. The Drink Traffic goes on.

A man, physically weak, makes his way stumblingly along the street. His unfortunate condition is noticed by a bystander who sees in the weakness of his fellow an opportunity for fun (?) sport. He deliberately carries his purpose into effect—the weak one is tripped up and left to lie in the gutter. Onlookers—indeed, the world—cries out, "Cud, coward!" The assailant must answer for his assault.

What of the man who trades upon the MORAL WEAKNESS of his fellows in order to accumulate capital?

Disease-breeding, pestiferous, there it stood a refuge heap, its fumes poisoning, vitiating the air around. Contrary to all the sanitary laws governing the community, its presence is an insult, an injustice to the neighborhood. Public health is endangered, it must be removed instantly.

What of the cesspools that crowd our thoroughfares, belching forth their moral poison, smiting with cruel blight, blasting the hopes of young and old alike, and vampire-like feasting, thriving upon the blood of its victims?

Oh, the sin of it! Oh, the shame and curse of it! Cruel lottery in the which all the PRIZES are for the Government Revenues and Distillers' Gains, and the BLANKS for the duped, defeated victims.

Must this continue? There will soon be an opportunity, to give answer. Then in the name of GOD—AND RIGHT—AND HOME, answer NEVER. H. K.

HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

SAUL CHOSSEN KING.

I Samuel x. 1-7.
Anointed for Life Work.

THIS was one of the greatest days in Saul's life when Samuel, the prophet of the Lord, anointed him to be captain over His people. Not for a term of a few years only, but for life!

What a splendid start! What a glorious chance he was given!

A good beginning is a good thing. How many of you children have had one? A start with God and a start for life—then, whatever sphere of life we fill, we shall be blessed and victorious.

Three Signs to Prove God's Word.

All this would be so new to Saul that perhaps he found it rather difficult to believe all. Therefore, to assure him it was real and no dream—true and not fiction—Samuel said three different signs should convince him.

How kindly and gently this grand old man dealt with Saul—if his words or free expression any doubt no sign of impatience escapes Samuel. Truly great

Every man makes his own character. Whether you are good, or whether you are bad, it is by your own choice.

THE GENERAL

people are kind. We can all be kind if not great, but we cannot be great without being kind.

God Calls and Fits for Special Work.

"The Spirit of the Lord" was promised to come upon him, and "the Spirit" is a wonderful teacher, inspirer and blower. Saul was not to be left to himself or to human resources, but God, who had brought him into this high place, was going to fit him to fulfill his calling. This is God's way! He has done the same for many of His servants.

No Human Prop!

Saul's test of faith! He was to take a journey and wait for seven days until Samuel joined him. This was a bit hard—Saul was his great spiritual helper, and now Saul had to leave him and proceed alone.

There was Divine wisdom in this arrangement. Saul might have been tempted to lean too much upon the prophet and too little upon God.

It has been so with some! There are times when we feel human aid, counsel and sympathy is so precious and desirable that unless we are careful the creature takes the place of the Creator. Saul obeyed the voice of Samuel. He did not waste time in arguing about his feelings, etc., but went according to his instructions, and how amply obedience was rewarded. No sooner had he turned his back upon Samuel and set his face to go through the journey alone, than God visited him and worked for him a wonderful miracle.

Never before had Saul moved in such society, but instead of being overwhelmed by the sense of his own weakness, he noted as the occasion required because "God was with him."

A Changed Heart and a Touched Tongue. God had changed his heart and His Spirit was upon His servant, therefore Saul prophesied with the prophets, and the people who saw and heard him, and knowing him only as the son of Kish, were puzzled and failed to understand this great change.

How many Salvation Soldiers have amazed their friends and neighbors in the very same way. God gave them new hearts, and this meant a new tongue, a new song, a new message, and a new way in glorifying Him who had wrought these miracles.

Curiosity not Satisfied.

After Saul proceeded again upon his journey he was met by his uncle, who questioned him as to all that had passed since he went away, but Saul did not satisfy him. Very probably his reason for this was because he knew it was no ordinary personal affair, but one relating to the Kingdom—God's business; and, too, it would be revealed at God's own appointed time and in His own appointed way. Then, again, here was another proof of his humility. Instead of being "puffed up" by all that had passed, he felt humbled and unworthy of this honor and distinction.

A Tried Jehovah or an Unproved King.

Reading carefully verses 17, 18 and 19 it seems as if Samuel's very soul was stirred within him at the people's ingratitude and foolishness, and as if he yearned to persuade them by reminding them of the wonders God had wrought for them and for their fathers, and without doubt even now here was a chance to confess their wrong in desiring a king and to decide for Jehovah, but because they wanted to be like other nations they held out.

God's Way and God's Time.

It was at this great assembly that it was to be known whom God had chosen for their king, so we can imagine with what great curiosity and excitement all the tribes had met together, but notice how the declaration was made. By tribes and by thousands they passed before Samuel, until eleven tribes had passed, and only the tribe of Benjamin yet to

come, and this was the smallest of all. They came by their families, and the family of Kish, which was the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin, was taken, but Saul was missing, and his name was called out as the chosen king. His feelings had overcome him and he had hid himself, but his hiding place was discovered and he was brought out amongst the people.

MEMORY TEXT.

"For God is with thee."

IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

"I have submitted this song to the censorship of our church and the Lord's readers. They have pronounced it a fine Sunday night song, and can be changed to suit taste or broken, at the case may be.—E. P."

By ENSIGN R. PUGH.

Tune.—My old Kentucky home, good night (Key G).

Let me sing a song of the days of long ago,

Of the days when I wandered on in sin, And my life was filled with bitterness and woe.

The I struggled hard to hide what was within, I loved the world with its pleasures gay and bright.

They were to me more than ought on earth beside, And I grew to hate those who lived for God and right.

Who to turn me from my wrong so vainly tried.

Chorus to 1st and 2nd Verses. Sin no more my brother (sister), sin no more, I say.

But come to Christ and then you'll have no fear To meet Him on the awful Judgment Day.

For months I sought to ease my troubled mind By pretending that religion was all rot, That for Christ no place in history could find.

And as for God—He was part of a plot. But I'm glad to-night that the Spirit still did strive, And left me not to be crushed by the foe.

But used the words of a soul that was alive To my danger—in the days of long ago.

I stood one night amongst a motley crowd Gathered round the Army's open-air ring, And I listened, as with their heads devoutly bowed,

And on their knees, of Calvary's stream did sing. I saw the Blood that I had so long despised, And the Saviour say, "Why won't you go And plunge by faith beneath the cleansing tide?"

And I did it, praise the Lord, now long ago.

2nd Chorus, after last Verse. Sin no longer charms me, it has lost its power, And now I'm saved to-night, I love God with all my might.

Won't you come and prove it, too, this very hour.

—A dying Junior said, "Father, I've come to the river and it's not dark—it's like floating silver."

—Mrs. Adjutant Bradley's first convert is a Salvation Soldier who about a year ago, left Toronto to go as a missionary to China, where she is doing a precious work for Christ.

LIGHT BRIGADE NOTES.

West Ontario.

Having completed the returns for quarter ending June, I thought our War Cry readers would like to hear of our advances in this direction. I am glad to have the privilege of welcoming the following agents: Sister Clark, Mrs. Rock, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Kelly, Bruce Feunhuy, John Gier, Mrs. Hearn, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Grenl, Brother Pugsion, Mrs. Harvey, Brother Parnell, Mrs. Jacklin, Mrs. Butt, which brings the number of Local Agents up to 52, and also makes a good increase in new boxes.

BOX MONEY.

The total of \$28.50 for the quarter is a net increase of \$11.50 above last quarter.

NEW TOWNS.

Courtland did splendid, \$3.65 for eight boxes is not so slow. Also Wyoming and Harrison did well. Hots off to the worthy leaders, Brother Beasley, Sister Durance and Brother Cowan.

MEETING PROCEEDS.

The subject of the "Torn Bible" is very touching and impressive. The meetings have been most appreciated and a total of \$210 raised, of which over \$100 was left to assist the local corps and officers.

HONORABLE MENTION.

London's total of \$22 is splendid, being \$15 ahead of last. Adjutant Coombs and his worthy L. A. deserve great credit. The name can be said of Brantford's total of \$27.80, also Mother Broadwell with \$11.50, her own box contained \$4.10, and in fact the whole Province have fought a noble fight, but for want of space and in fear of the Editor's V. P. I. have to refrain from mentioning separately their names.

RAILS, HOTELS AND RAILWAY STATIONS.

Woodstock Jail box heads the way with \$1, also a Rhenish hotel with \$2, Simcoe station \$2.15.

TICKET SELLING.

I am pleased to say this is improving in many of the corps. Although we are a little behind on this line the P. A. feels it his duty to mention the kindness shown by the field officers, also for their ready assistance with the G. E. M. in their corps.

Of course Brother Sims thinks his Agents are just the best on earth, but he must remember they have to take a second place and allow the worthy L. A. of the West to show them a few things. But we wish them success.—H. E. Collier, P. A.

The North-West.

Brother Gill, of Winnipeg, is going to get a move on and surprise the Dominion this coming quarter. He is a real advocate of the G. B. M. Scheme. Oh, for more like him.

What's the matter with L. A. Underwood, of Rat Portage? She's all right. Just think, \$155 for such a small town. "Go thou and do likewise," ye L. A's.

NOTE.—S. A. Quarters had \$2.75 in their box. What think ye of this? Beat it if you can.

Mrs. Pangborn, just appointed L. A. for Virthen, had \$2.65 in her boxes. Now Virthen, arise and shake-yourself out of the dust of despair. With such a practical agent at your head you will shine. I do believe.

Hurray for Morden! Just think, L. A. Duncan had no less than \$5 in her own boxes. How did she get it? Why teck her boxes to the Exhibition with her. Remember Lazarus wherever you go.

Then there is Mrs. Modall, of Valley City, remembered her box and had the neat sum of \$2.11 in it. What do you say to this for a poor woman? Well done, thou good and faithful friend of the poor!

Now then, I wonder what is the matter with all those L. A's who have made no returns this last quarter. Rouse ye, and be "diligent in business."

God bless the F. O's out West here. They are a practical lot. They sympathize with Lazarus, and do their best both to help the scheme and my meetings. Captain Barrager and Lieutenant Strong sold about 100 tickets on the street for my lantern service in a half a day. Now is it impossible, ye F. O's, to sell tickets? ENSIGN CUMMINS, P. A.

Thank God for your comrade. Don't pick holes in him. The Field Commissioner.

[Our Mission Field.]

CEYLON.

The Singhalese People—Their Religion—
The Salvation Army Opened Fire
in 1883.

LIEUTENANT GUNERATNA, CO-
LOMBO.

THE Singhalese people, who are the real natives living in Ceylon, are descended from an ancient race of wild warlike people who lived in this little island hundreds of years ago.

The early inhabitants were called "Zakkhos," or demons. Some of the Singhalese kings who reigned over Ceylon before the Portuguese took the island employed these "Zakkhos" as they called them, to build rock temples, make tanks and carve huge images of Buddha.

Even up to this day the ruins of several temples are to be seen. Though many of them were destroyed, they were rebuilt again. These kings were very cruel to the poor natives.

There was no proper form of government and the king did as he pleased. Women and children whose husbands disobeyed the royal commands were drowned in a lake, or tied hands and feet and thrown in the jungles for wild beasts to devour. The last of the Singhalese king, Sri Wickrama Raja Singha, got the wife of a man who had been executed, to pound the heads of her little children in a mortar, lashing her with a whip if she was slow with her work. What horrible cruelty!

They were Heathens.

The Singhalese people are all Buddhists—that is, worshippers of Buddha—and are very dark and superstitious. For instance, when a person gets sick, instead of calling a doctor, they hold a devil dancing ceremony, offering food and flowers to the devil and invoking him to cure the sick person.

The devil-dancers dress and paint their bodies and look very hideous, as with drums and reed instruments they make a big "go" of it till morning, only to find that the person is worse or dead.

They are very fond of drinking "arrack." Arrack is a very strong kind of liquor that makes one tipsy when taken too much. When the coconut palm puts forth its flower it is tapped and cut. A pot is then hung to the end, and within a few weeks when taken down it is filled with a sweet liquid sap called "toddy." This is boiled and after a process of fermentation, to which tobacco and other baneful drugs are added, it becomes "arrack." A bottle is sold at the rate of 75c.

The Portuguese took Ceylon first from the Singhalese, the Dutch then became masters of the island until it was taken possession of by the British, in 1815.

The Salvation Army

opened fire in 1883. Only one English officer and his wife with two Lieutenants held meetings in a deserted building. They had to suffer a great deal. The Buddhists did not know what sort of people these new comers were who wore red and yellow cloth and walked bare foot. The devil did his best to drive the Army out of Ceylon, but the power of God prevailed and, glory be, we got the victory. By degrees they came to know us more, and our objects, when they became more friendly. Praise God! To-day there are 20 corps and over 150 officers, two Training Garrison, a Rescue and Prison Gate Home and a corps of the Naval and Military League in a flourishing condition. The Mercy Box League (G. B. M.) was started lately. Over 500 boxes are out, and it bids fair to be a great success and help to the S. A. work in Ceylon.

The Junior War.

The Singhalese mothers train up their children to follow the religion of their forefathers—Buddhism. During the "poysa," or full moon, days, hundreds of them take their little ones in their arms to the temples and there fall down and worship the image of Buddha. They love their children much, and often when born dedicate them to Buddha, as we do little ones under the Blood-and-Fire to God and the Army. The Junior war, praise God, is going ahead in Lanka. The jungle corps of the interior of the island have nice meetings weekly and it's blessed to see the little ones, once Buddhist, testify to Jesus' power to save and keep. Hallelujah!

—If the day of salvation leaves you graceless, the day of judgment will leave you speechless.—Sunday Companion.



On Dominion Day the Salvationists of Toronto held a picnic at Long Branch, and at the same place a party of deaf mutes were enjoying the day. The Salvationists and mutes joined forces and had a very pleasant day together.

The above cut is reproduced from a photo taken by one of the mutes just as the picnicers were about to separate for their several homes after the day's enjoyment.

WAR MEMORIES.

By MAJOR BAUGH.

AFTER thirteen months' hard fighting in Whitechapel, with skeletons outside, and a few old folks inside, who could not see why it should be called "Salvation Army" instead of "Christian Mission," and why we should have so much testimony instead of preaching, etc., etc., my next appointment was the opening of the Regent's Hall, Oxford St., London W.

The General and Mrs. Booth, Orange Horriet, the Derby Boxer, the Tipton Levi, and Miss Jim were a few of the specials brought in for the opening. To say we had a big crowd is no word for it. We had the place jammed full, and about

Twenty Thousand Outside

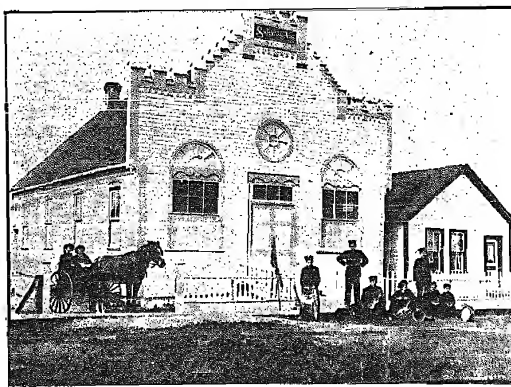
wanting to get in, with over a hundred policemen to keep them something like in order, and try to keep the roads passable. The devil, of course, did not like this sort of thing, and some of the wealthy people living near by offered £50 (£250) if we could be moved. Others did their best to make it warm for us. Code's!

Roads and Hats were Broken

In coming and returning, to help with the order. Many others had their clothes torn and spoiled. I had to be the last out, put out the lights, look up, etc., and thousands were outside waiting for me, swearing, threatening what they would do, and as I was in lodgings at a Coffee Tavern near by, I thought I had better wait till they had cooled down a bit, and although it was in March and very cold, it took over two hours before Brigadier Simpson and myself dare turn out. Then in other clothes I got out and they did not know me, but said "he was escaped after all." Sinners got saved by hundreds, and amongst the first lot at the penitent form was

A Young Chemist.

and last week at the General's meetings at Farringham, this chemist was there hoping in the meetings with others, and said as we sat at ten together, "You remember my getting saved, don't you, over sixteen years ago, at the Regent's Hall?" He is now Major Thonger, and



NEEBAWA BARRACKS AND OFFICERS' QUARTERS, NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

Promoted to Glory.

Sister Mrs. Bilton, Ottawa.

Death has again visited our ranks and taken our dear comrade, Mrs. W. Bilton. Though being sickly for these last four years and unable to enjoy the privileges of a Salvationist, she lived a true Christian life, always interested in the work. In her illness she was patient, looking unto Jesus. In her last moments she asked her husband and family to meet her in heaven. She left a bright testimony that "all was well." The deceased leaves an husband (Sergeant Walter Bilton) son and daughter, who have our sincere sympathy in their loss. Adjutant McLean conducted the service. She was buried with S. A. honors, the comrades turning out for the occasion, laying the remains in Beechwood Cemetery.

On the following Sunday evening we held a memorial service conducted by Adjutant McDonald and Captain Vance. Several comrades spoke of our Sister's life. At the close of the meeting two sons came to Jesus, one being our deceased comrade's daughter. We indeed feel our loss at our corps, but we are encouraged to press on until, like our sister, we meet around the Throne, there to praise God forever.—A. French.

Sister Mrs. McCombs, Palmerston.

Palmerston.—Since last report Sister Mrs. McCombs has passed quietly away. The funeral service was conducted on July 1st by Ensign Savage of St. Catharines, assisted by Captain Fell and Lieutenant Mumford, of this corps. The Ensign spoke of our departed sister in by-gone days when he was stationed here, and urged all to get ready to meet their God.

HOW HE FELT.

HE was a drunkard, not one who was found in the gutters perhaps, but just a young fellow yet in his teens, who would get drunk, gamble, swear, smoke, and have what is called a good time generally with the boys.

The Army came along and picked him up, and through the grace and power of God he was saved. He was a bright young convert, gave up all old habits and sins, and started on a new life. To attend the meetings, praying, and testify seemed to be his delight.

He fought on through great temptations, and developed into a beautiful soldier, possessing a humble spirit, and a spirit of willingness to do whatever he was called upon. He showed signs of ability, made use of, and increased his talents. Learned of God in many ways. From being able scarcely to sing a note, he soon became a solo singer, and even composed an Army song.

He was called for the Field. At first refused, but in a short time came out with face beaming with a heavenly light shouting, "Victory! I've got the victory!"

He entered the field. His first station was hard—very. He, with his Captain, often had to sleep on the barracks floor. The people would not come to the meetings, and by and by the place had to be closed. But he fought on, rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer for His sake.

He was looked upon as a good, bright lad (which he certainly was) and likely to become a promising officer. Was promoted, and put into responsible positions.

Right through his experience he seemed to be greatly persecuted. In one of his meetings a young man came to the penitent form, and got beautifully saved. When he arose from his knees he put his arms around his comrade's neck, and with tears in his eyes confessed his intention of killing him that night, having an old grudge against him, but God's Spirit took hold of him, and he had in come and get saved. Thus was he wonderfully delivered.

But, alas, little by little he lost that spirit of humility, forgot the pit from whence he was dug, became proud, lost his hold upon God, and at last took off his uniform, knelt before God and prayed his awful prayer, "Now, Lord, if You'll leave me alone, I'll leave You alone."

So he left his God-chosen work, left the path of righteousness, peace, and holiness, and went out into the world a miserable backslider.

And God took him at his word, and left him alone, for before very long he even denied the existence of a God, and ridiculed the idea of salvation.

Should he die impenitent, what an awful death his will be!—Red Riding Hood.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

has fixed the dates for holding the

HARVEST FESTIVAL

as follows:

ONTARIO, August 27, 28, 29 and 30.

All places East and West of Ontario, September 10, 11, 12 and 13.

(Signed) C. T. JACOBS,
Chief Secretary.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Lieutenant Liddell, of Peareton, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Grose, of Shethbrooke, to be Captain.

Lieutenant LaFonde, of Pembroke, to be Captain.

APPOINTMENT—

(Omitted last week.)

BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH to be Editor of the War Cry and Young Soldier.

Ensign Adams, late of the Eastern Provincial Headquarters, to be Assistant Trade Secretary.

MARRIAGE—

Adjutant J. W. Hay, of the Pacific Province, to Ensign Woolman, of Steamman, Mont., at Spokane, on July 14 h. by Brigadier Howell.

EVANGELINE C. WORTH,
Field Commissioner.

WAR CRY

Matter for insertion in this paper should be addressed to "The War Cry, Toronto." We do not undertake to return rejected contributions. Write with ink on one side of the paper. Leave a margin on each side. Use separate sheets of paper for returns of "War Cry" to "Mountain Men" and for Corps reports.

What are you going to do with your sins, sinner?

Like a sinner in the gutter, shivering there unaided, should a Salvationist be in this world of sin.

To Tour the Territory for Consolidation and Spiritual Uplifting.

BEFORE this War Cry reaches our readers the Territorial Secretary will have commenced his inspection work in the East. While it would be wrong to infer that we are worse off in respect to organization than formerly—which could scarcely be, seeing the strong pressure there has been in the direction of organization for some time past—yet we are prepared to admit that a very much more effective service for God and the people can be rendered by the Army in this Territory, by perfecting the organization in points where we are weak in that respect, and by ensuring the proper carrying out of the rules and regulations that already exist. Brigadier Margates goes to this work as the Commissioner's direct representative, full of love and zeal for God's glory and the success of the war. We are confident he will be a blessing and help to our beloved fighters on the field from the Provincial Officers to the last recruit in the ranks, and we anticipate his visit to the different centres being scenes of salvation triumph, as well as times of consolidation in the interests of the Army's regular workings.

"What'er the future may require,
His grace will sure allow;
I'll live a moment at a time,
And Jesus saves me now."

Good-Bye!

WITH this issue Brigadier Compila concludes his duties as Editor, which appointment he has so ably held for about five years. In saying good-bye to the Editorial Office, it will in no wise mean good-bye to the War Cry, for his mastery pen, we trust, will yet contribute many articles and stories. The Brigadier will go on a short well-earned rest before assuming his new and multifarious duties as General Secretary.

Welcome!

BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH will be fully initiated in his new sphere of war as this Cry reaches the public. The transfer of the Editorial chair took place with a most cordial hand-shake between the out-going and in-coming Editors. Let the numerous contributors from among our Staff and Field, as well as our many friends, rally to his assistance.

—Brigadier Bown has been sick and will not return from her furlough before the end of September.

HOLLAND.

The Marchale has been invited as representing the Salvation Army to speak at one of the great demonstrations in connection with the National Carnival of the coronation of the young Queen, in August.—The General held powerful meetings in the beautiful grounds of the Baron von Tullj, near Haarlem.

AUSTRALIA.

The Commandant has been seriously indisposed. Despite much suffering, however, he has heroically kept at the front and filled all his public appointments.—Mrs. Booth is doing a new and valiant thing with her Social lectures. By means of a splendid time-light apparatus the actual scenes of which she speaks are thrown upon the canvas—life-like pictures of her personal efforts amongst the fallen and destitute.

WAZI WAZI'S CRY

ALL'S WELL! THE ARRIVAL OF OUR KLONDIKERS IN DAWSON CITY (Illustrated).



BRIGADIER COMPILA.

International Personal Paragraphs.

GREAT BRITAIN

COMMISSIONER POLLARD and Major Jolliffe have had a most successful conference with the Box Agents.—Commissioner Pollard accompanied the General to Scandinavia.—Adjutant Cunningham, late of South Africa, is the latest addition to the British Editorial Staff.—Colonel Barker had the View of the Parish and the M. P. of the district on his platform at Leyton.—Mrs. Major Jolliffe, who has been ill for twelve months, is slowly recovering.—Mrs. Brigadier Hoggarth is seriously ill.

UNITED STATES.

The Commander took part in the Christian Endeavor Convention.—The American leaders spent a Sunday at the Electric Park Camp and another at the Old Orchard Camp.—Both the Commander and Consul will be present at the demonstration in connection with the inauguration of the new Training System at Memorial Hall, on August 3rd.—Major Annie Osborne, late Slum Secretary for London, Eng., and new Women's Training Secretary for the States, has arrived in New York.—In addition to his Social oversight Colonel Holland has taken command of what is known as the Rocky Mountains Division, consisting of Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming.

PACIFIC NEWS.

SPOKANE RESCUE HOME.—The Home here for a long time has been in debt, and try how they would, Mother Langtry could not seem to catch up. Ensign Alward kindly consented to work up a meeting on their behalf, giving them the proceeds of the same. The result was an astonisher to us all. The Brigadier asked Mother to lay before the audience a list of last year's work, also a statement of income and expense. This so touched the hearts of the hearers that over \$20 was given in a very short while, including the open-air collection which amounted to over \$12 of itself. Spokane soldiers and friends certainly deserve great credit for the way they have rallied to the assistance of the S. A.

CHANGES.—Adjutant and Mrs. Burr are holding on at Westminster for a few days. Ensign Stanbury and Captain Scott go to Hull, also to supply. Chief Captain and Mrs. Brown come this side of the border and take hold of Whetcom. Captain Altkinson is resting here at Spokane for a few days prior to going to another appointment. Captain Thoen is very poorly and is having a much-needed rest at Livingston. Mrs. Adjutant Edgcomb has also been on the sick list since she has been home, and one or two other

comrades are also laid up. Pray for our resting officers.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. HAY.—These comrades were happily married by the Brigadier in the new S. A. barracks, Spokane, on July 14th. Everything went off well. A packed barracks and of course, much interest. Adjutant and Mrs. Hay are remaining with the band for a short while. God bless our comrades, and make their united lives a terror to evil-doers.—The Rustler.

WORLD-WIDE JOTTINGS.

UNITED STATES.

TWENTY-FIVE men candidates have been ordered into the Chicago Garrison for the season opening August 1st.—Colonel Holland reports progress on the Port Amity Colony. Over 300 acres of land are now under cultivation and in crops, and the men are happy in their labor.—The Commander has decided upon the issue of a monthly paper for seasonal efforts. The first number will be out on August 1st.—The profit on the sale of all Salvation Army ten in the United States is now devoted to the Rescue work. Evensong Rescue Home will be a headquarters for the Tea League.—New York is to have two new Social institutions. Two splendid lodging-houses have been secured on the Bowery. One a five-story building having accommodation for 200 men will be opened as a Men's Shelter. The other is to be a Woman's Shelter, and will accommodate 120.—In the City of Providence, the Salvation Army has received the gift of a large mission lodging-house property. The building is completely fitted up and will be a valuable adjunct to the Social Wing.—The Basket Factory in Seattle is most successful, and upon our large Social wood tract 1,000 cords of wood have been cut.—During one month the Army in the United States operated 14 Food Depots and thirty-three shelters, in which we supplied 76,655 beds and 24,630 meals.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Army's Annual Report of Sewing and Reaping has been favorably noticed by the London and Westminster Press.—The Trade Department and its employees spent a day's outing at the Huddersfield Colony.—A big field farewell takes place on Thursday.—An industrious Lieutenant is studying botany for Band of Love purposes.—Amongst the recent visitors at the Huddersfield Colony was Sir Horace Tozer, Agent-General for Queensland.

AUSTRALIA.

The Home hitherto used by the Townsville Prisoners' Aid Society has been transferred to the direction of the Salvation Army, and will form a prominent centre of our Rescue work.—The 25,000 acres which have been procured from the West Australian Government for the Army's Social purposes to be known as the Collier Farm Colony are getting under control. A further development in the consent granted by the Superintendent of Charities for the Army to take charge of the boys in the Reformatory at Rottnest—the penal settlement island about fourteen miles from Fremantle.—The Colony Social Annuals promise to be unique successes. His Excellency the Governor of South Australia, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, has promised to preside in Adelaide. Sir Samuel Griffiths, Chief Justice of Queensland, will occupy a similar position at Brisbane.

JAVA.

Some 500 Chinese and Javanese attended the native welcome of Major and Mrs. Cumming. Their welcome banquet was a native rice supper partaken of upon the floor.—Semaunings No. 11, corps might almost be termed a sisters' corps. Javanese women will not come to meetings which are attended by a number of men. Special efforts for their salvation, however, have resulted already in many blessed trophies amongst the dark-skinned sisters.

HOLLAND.

Amsterdam has a brigade of Shelter men 150 strong. Their singing at the 11th Anniversary of our work in that country created quite a sensation.—The Shelter in Brussels accommodates 150 men. Many literal wrecks of misery have been helped and transformed. An equally successful Social work is being carried on at Marchiennes.

—Mrs. Adjutant Bradley's brother George, now in partnership with his brother in a very flourishing photography business at Vancouver, and filling a useful position in the church as President of an Epworth League Society, was converted when a child through a little Salvation Army Junior

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in fact, t

published

of the me

gratitude

Brigade-S

MRS. HAY.—These
ly married by the
v S. A. barracks.
Everything went
barracks and of
Adjutant and Mrs.
th the band for a
ess our comrades,
d lives a terror to
er.

JOTTINGS.

STATES.

can candidates have
o the Chicago Gar-
for 1877. The
Colon. Over 200
u under cultivation
men are happy in
Commander has de-
of a monthly paper
The first number
at 1st.—The profit
Salvation Army (as
is now devoted to
Overy Rescue Home
rters for the Tea
is to have two new
Two splendid build-
ing secured on the
storey building hav-
tinctly heard of the
white speaking, as of
more than one hun-
dred men who went
away convicted, con-
vinced, and thirty-
three supplied 76.65
beds

most successful, and
lial wood tract 1,000
been cut.—During
the Trinity, the
spots and thirty-three
e supplied 76.65 beds

most successful, and
lial wood tract 1,000
been cut.—During
the Trinity, the
spots and thirty-three
e supplied 76.65 beds

BRITAIN.

al Report of Sowing
en favorably noticed
Provincial daily Press.
rtment and its em-
a cutting at the Mid-
big Field farewell
August 7th.—
eutenant is adju-
Bund of Love
at the recent visitors
ony was Sir Horace
of Queensland.

ITALY.

erto used by the
ers' Aid Society
rred to the di-
rivation Army's
tment centre of our
to 25,000 acres which
from the West Aus-
for the Army's Social
as at the Collic Farm
under control. A far-
the consent granted
ent of the Charity for
exchange of the boys in
at Rotterdam—the penal
about fourteen miles
The Colony Social
and he unique success.
e Governor of South
mus Fowell Buxton,
sside in Adelaide, Sir
nt of Justice of Queens-
a similar position at

JAVA.

and Javanese attended
e of Major and Mrs.
welcome banquet was
partaken of upon the
No. 11. corps might
lators' corps. Javan-
not come to meetings
by a number of men,
their salvation, how-
already in many
amongst the dark-
the native town.

LAND.

a brigade of Shelter
Their singing at the
of our work in that
the a sensation.—The
the accommodates 150
wrecks of society have
unreformed. An equity
work is being carried on

at Bridley's brother
partner with his brother
singing piano and har-
r, and filling a useful
as President of an
Society, was converted
ough a little Salvation

THE WAR CRY.

7

Successful Campaign in the Sea-Girt Isle.

Naval Boys' King—W. C. T. U. Teas—Never
Has Good-Bye—A Token of Love—
Profound Interest in Prison Work—
Commissioners Come Soon.

By MRS. BRIGADIER READ.

(Continued from last week.)

ON Sunday afternoon we faced a
packed barracks at old No. 1.
"Prison life and its remedy" was
dealt with exhaustively, preparatory to
the League of Mercy commissioning. For
over an hour the interest seemed un-
abated, and enthusiasm prevailed, cul-
minating in a most impressive scene as
the League sisters were dedicated under
two flags to their blessed work. We
believe the falling tear crystallized in a
determination in many hearts present to
more than ever emulate Jesus, the first
Mercy Leaguer. This was evidenced by
the number who stood with the soldiers
in a closing consecration service.

"Justice and wisdom." We started
in the evening with 500 people
who packed the barracks. The
justice and wisdom of God's
way of dealing with the consciences of
men was earnestly emphasized. I dis-
tinctly heard of the feeling of the clock
white speaking, as of a warning knell to
the many hundreds who sat in that sol-
dierly meeting and who went away con-
vinced, convicted, and thirty-three
supplied 76.65 beds.

I returned from "Round the Bay" after
enjoying my visit to Harbor Grace and
Carbonear, thoughts of past blessing
and inspiration received while they sat
and listened to her addresses delivered
over four years ago, and they looked
forward expecting to receive new inspi-
ration. I may say here I feel they were
not disappointed. Mrs. Read arrived
Wednesday afternoon, and with the
writer drove to Heart's Content on Thurs-
day and visited the grave of a dear
comrade, Charles Ollerhead, who had
lived and died a true Salvationist, and
planted a flower upon it, as a token of
love. He was greatly loved on the is-
land.

At old No. 1 "Roundabout salvation" was
the theme, and a beautiful meeting took
place. At No. 2 a farewell meeting was
arranged through the kindness of Ensign
Boegs. Adjutant and Mrs. McLean were also
present, with many other officers. Ad-
jutant McLean, though in very poor
health, was undimmed in his efforts to
make all the meetings a success. Large
crowds were present as at previous ones
at both these last services. "They never
say good-bye in heaven," was sung
heavily as a finale at my last meeting
at No. 2.

TEA WITH THE W. C. T. U. On the
last afternoon the W. C. T. U. arranged
a special meeting and five o'clock tea. A
pleasant and profitable hour was spent,
and happy fraternal greetings given.
The ladies promised to meet Ensign
Tovell in every way in their power. God
bless them!

Messages of love to old comrades and
leaders were given in the farewell meet-
ings in abundance, and expressions of
affection for the boys and the League
Commissioner, and Newfoundland friends
and Salvationists were very anxious for
her to visit the island soon, "and stay
longer next time."

Salvationists in the "Sea-girt Isle" are
true to the principles of self-sacrifice
and devotion. Though my visit was in
the worst season, the summer, when
hundreds are away at the fisheries, the
meetings were marked with a spirit of
fervency and red-hot Salvationism. The
singing was of the heartiest character.
The praying was characterized by the
old-time earnestness which used to im-
press my husband and I so much when in
charge of the work in Newfoundland
five years ago. They are a happy, blessed
people, who get the best service out of
one because of the strong faith given, and
the expectancy manifested.

The island has suffered great losses
commercially, and otherwise, but I be-
lieve the "days of the time" are a fore-
cast of future prosperity. Some old
friends are gone, through removal and
death, but there are many who have given
their money and influence for years,
whose names are known and affection-
ately remembered by officers in every
part of the world.

Ensign Payne is very ill but full of
hope. He was feeling, I am glad to say,
a little better when I saw him just be-
fore leaving St. John's. Comrades, re-
member him when you pray, also his
dear wife. The Newfoundland Press, as
in fact, the papers almost everywhere,
published lengthy and interesting reports
of the meetings, for which they have the
gratitude of the Rescue Officers.

Brigade-Sergeant Webber and his com-

rades from H. M. S. "Cordell" rendered
good service with their music and songs
in several of the meetings. Brother
Webster is in charge of the Army's Naval
and Military League in the North At-
lantic Squadron. He is being very much
blessed in his work among the men in
the Navy. God bless the Army's brave
sailor boys!

I can never forget the loving care
manifested in my personal welfare, and
the warm, deep sympathy, and readiest
co-operation shown my loved work by all
from the time I dropped weary and
travel-stained into a comfortable chair
in Mr. Bell's cosy and hospitable home,
after my trying voyage, until the last
attention paid me by dear Ensign Tovell
as the "Bruce" train steamed out of the
station at 3 a.m. All the many words
and deeds I cannot chronicle are indelibly
engraved in my heart, and I feel like ad-
apting the words of the sainted Wesley,
and exclaiming, "THE BEST OF ALL
IS, GOD WAS WITH ME!"

A "Man-of-War's-Man" Tells of Mrs. Read's Visit "Round the Bay."

The announcement of Mrs. Brigadier
Read awakened within the breasts of
many of her old friends of Harbor Grace
and Carbonear, thoughts of past blessing
and inspiration received while they sat
and listened to her addresses delivered
over four years ago, and they looked
forward expecting to receive new inspi-
ration. I may say here I feel they were
not disappointed. Mrs. Read arrived
Wednesday afternoon, and with the
writer drove to Heart's Content on Thurs-
day and visited the grave of a dear
comrade, Charles Ollerhead, who had
lived and died a true Salvationist, and
planted a flower upon it, as a token of
love. He was greatly loved on the is-
land.



BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH. CARL OTTO. EFFIE. MRS. FRIEDRICH.

land by those who knew him, and was
a great friend of Brigadier and Mrs.
Read. We also visited his father, who
is near the river. We prayed and sang
with him, and as Mrs. Read spoke of
the good life of his son, tears coursed
down his cheeks.

We arrived back at Carbonear in time
for meeting. A nice crowd had gathered,
who gave a hearty welcome to Mrs. Read,
and as she spoke of the Prison and
Soldier Work, telling incident after inci-
dent, tears at intervals had to be wiped
off the faces of many, even some very
hard sinners could hardly restrain them.
One soul yielded at the close.
At Harbor Grace Mrs. Read commenced
on Sunday, assisted by Ensign Tovell,
although feeling very fatigued after her
laborious tour, she plunged into the meet-
ing with earnestness of soul. In the
afternoon pouring plenty of new light
into people's minds regarding her work.
The evening meeting was also a success.
Good crowd, and for over an hour truth
after truth on the subject of "Memory."
was poured upon the consciences of the
people. Many were greatly convicted.
One came forward.

Monday night the League of Mercy was
explained. Mrs. Whitman being intro-
duced as Sergeant-Major of the League
in this town. With music and singing
a profitable time was spent. We closed
the series of meetings with "God be with
you till we meet again," feeling much
good had been done through the Brig-
adier's visit.—George Kenway, Ensign.

—We regret that through an oversight
we omitted to credit the owner of the
music published in our last issue ("Sal-
vation, I know Thou lovest me") Mr. P.
Triflet, by whose kind permission we
were enabled to use the melody.

OUR KLONDIKERS AT LAKE BENNETT.

A Sea of Tents—Canoes Carrying—Un-
friendly Mosquitoes—No Longer
"Tenderfoot"

OVER the Chilcoot Pass are we
at last, after many a pull and
struggle, and have our three
tents pitched in a secluded spot
between two large snow-capped
mountains. Across the lake half a
mile is the town of Bennett, the latter,
by the way, being nothing but a sea
of hurriedly pitched tents, Bennett, as
our readers will know, is the point
where the Chilcoot and White Passes
meet.

Journeying mercies and blessings
truly have been plentiful, and our
hearts are full of praise and gratitude
to God for all His goodness in so singu-
larly and beautifully coming to our
help, and with frequency that appeared
nothing short of miraculous.

It was a very peculiar and not alto-
gether uninteresting sight to see
nothing but legs, as the individuals
possessing them were right under a
section of the canoe, and none the
less striking to witness the aptitude
with which these personages passed
safely over the multitude of large
boulders, between huge crevices,
through mud up to the thigh, and then
clambered rocks which must have been
at an angle of 75 degrees. The reader,
with the writer, will consider such
skillful accomplishment a feat which
stood above athletic might, as in
judging very praiseworthy—but was

equally true of Bennett. They quickly
hastened to our two open-air rugs,
and stayed until the very last word
was uttered, and judging by their al-
tered expressions, were very much af-
fected. Our income amounted to \$34.55.

"I am glad you are going in," said a
kind friend yesterday, as she placed \$1
in our hand. The feeling of the people
could not be better. Men and women
of all nations have begun to regard the
Salvation Army as their friend, and
treat it as such. F. M.

Farewell of Brigadier Read.

(Special.)

Good crowd at Lisgar Street last night.
Brigadier Read said good-bye. Though
severely no audience stayed on late.
One sister rushed to the Cross weeping.
Blessed influence. The Brigadier gave
stirring spiritual musical address. Mrs.
Read also took part. Soldiers' meeting
followed. "God be with you till we
meet again," sung fervently. Comrades
all promised to pray for Brigadier's phys-
ical restoration.

READ

"PACK HORSES,"

OR,

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS,"

BY

MISS BOOTH,

—12—

NEXT WEEK'S CRY.

[For Our Band of Love Boys.]

THE PICTURE "DEVELOPED."

I KNOW a boy who has a camera
and takes pictures. He took me into
his dark-room the other day in
show me how to develop a plate. He
had been down to the Battery, in New
York, but afterwards it is not a battery
at all now, being a little park on the tip
of Manhattan Island—and had
"snapped" a picture. He did not tell me
what it was going to be, and all I had to
do was to watch him.

First he poured clean water into a tray,
and then by the dim light of a red in-
tern took a glass plate out of his camera.
"The picture is on that," he said, so he
slid it into the water tray. Maybe the
picture was there, but what I saw was a
pale of glass coated on one side with
some stuff that looked like cream. While
the plate soaked, my little photographer
was busy with his bottles and measures,
mixing a glass full of clear liquid that he
called his "developer."

"Now watch," he warned me, as he
dipped the plate from his bath, and, plac-
ing it in an empty tray, poured the de-
veloper upon its blank, creamy surface.
I watched, no change yet. He was
watching the tray intently, rocking the
tray gently. Look! there are spots in
the cream. The upper part of the plate
is darkening. "Sky," says the operator.
The shade creeps over the lower corners.
"Water," he murmurs. What is this?
The creamy remnant in the central field
is taking form. Slender lines of white
traverse the dark sky. A mass of white
becomes a vessel with spire and rigging,
two massive stacks, four lowering masts.
The smoke pours from her chimneys, a
torrent of foam leaps from her prow
and sweeps behind her in a majestic
avenue. The blink cream plate has de-
veloped into a perfect picture of an At-
lantic steamship. The picture was all on
the plate when we went into the dark-
room, but it took the developer to bring
it out.

I know a young man who was remark-
able for his good looks and genial man-
ners. He was one of those fellows whom
everyone likes. So far as his friends
could see, his life was as clear as that
of a crystal. But there are spots in
every plate of my friend, the picture man.
But the young man is in Canada
now. And it is said that he wakes up in
the middle of the night, shivering with
chills that the police have caught him at
last. "That can't be the same young
man," you say. Ah, but it is the very
same man who has been in the "develop-
ment." Smooth as he seemed, he had been
exposed to temptation in his boyhood,
and got in the habit of being not quite
honest. Nobody knew it. But one day he
was in a "dark-room," with a terrible
temptation, and the character which he
had been forming flushed out. He stole
one hundred thousand dollars' worth of
film. At some time or other, circumstances
will bring to light the principles you now
live by. Be sure that the picture of your
own character comes out well.—Pleasant
Hours.

McGillivray gave
Captain McLean
on have arrived to
in an old battleground
We pray that
—Mattie Gumbie.

Sims, with his lan-
These lantern ser-
ated. Quite a good
We are still march-
to with us and we
W. Goodale, R. C.

night and all day
of Adjutant
her. We give the
good welcome to
going in to sing
outmost to win souls
light five precious
and Jesus. Praise
eternally My Long-

have just welcomed
and Mrs. Brodley
my good meetings,
being was one of
a spoke out God's
chain, followed by a
g. One sister came
for sin. We are
good. We are in to
and Jesus. Praise
eternally My Long-

Adjutant Thomas,
about on the 4th of
vidence. It being a
thronged our streets
feature and third, the
in the people. Great
by them, and
ly in the collection.
many hearts were
will reveal good ac-
be all the glory.—
Captain and Mrs.

age meetings loom-
cur at the last
and open-air, large
aggins took an origi-
the people how God is
and if you'll let Him,
x-drunkards whom
kind rescued from a
te, some over two
and up to fifteen
able sight to see and
s. Amen—Brother
Cor.

for eternity is now
corner in Mr. J. S.
or to the Post Office,
John Street, A kind
ing that he would
a for our barracks.
ke Trejans, and a
one has been fitted
Saturday night \$2.00
rum head. Money is
are up here. During
walked out of the
over his eye. One
home. We're going

Forewell meeting at
Sunday. Sister Mrs.
Juniors interwined
ere her husband had
yours. When Sister
sang, "God be with
thn," it seemed that
audience was just
gling she gave her
and then ex-
ave sin and turn to
der deep conviction,
y yield to the serv-
—Lieutenant N. An-

pendents.
been appointed:
J. WELDON, Ches-
th, 1898.
JORNELL, Ommee,

IES LINTON. Ux-
ly 7th, 1898.
IVEA, Newmarket,
1898.

ILLEY, Ahmie Har-
th, 1898.
ESTER, Or-
th, 1898.

STEPHENS, Mid-
th, 1898.
ISQUIMAUX, Lin-
L, July 7th, 1898.

ORGE MASKELL, it,
July 7th, 1898.
ARK, Collingwood,
1898.

IA DAVIS, Hunt-
th, 1898.
ENCE MOFFATT, Dnt.,
July 7th, 1898.

Halifax 1.—Forewell meetings on Sun-
day, it being the occasion of the farewell
of Adjutant Alkenhead, Captain Goodwell
and Lieutenant Cowan from this corps
after much faithful service and success
in the salvation of souls. The Adjutant,
as leader, has been a great blessing, and
has been the means in God's hands of
infusing new life into this corps. May
the Lord bless her in her new appoint-
ment. We feel sorry to part with such
a godly, prayerful, self-sacrificing and
hard-working officer, but our loss will
be others' gain; and also the Captain and
Lieutenant, may the Lord bless them
in Lunenburg, N. S., and give them
victory over every difficulty, and precious
souls for their hire. On Friday night
a united welcome meeting to our new
leaders, Adjutant McGillivray and wife
and Captain Hayman. They received
an enthusiastic welcome from the sol-
diers. We believe they are all right, and
will no doubt lead us on to victory. Good
meetings on Sunday, and one soul at the
Cross—Treasurer Cuslin.

THE NORTH-WEST'S BABY CORPS.

Lethbridge.—At last the Salvation Army
has proclaimed war against the powers
of darkness in the Town of Lethbridge.
The first shot was fired on Saturday
night, July 2nd, 1898. Lieutenant and
myself stormed the forts of darkness in
front of one of the hotels. The town
band kindly lent us their drum for the
event. We had a large crowd at the
open-air, and they gave us \$2.50 on the
drum in a few minutes. We had a good
time inside and many were taken hold
of by the Spirit of God. Five have pro-
fessed to get right with God, and quite a
number have held up their hands to be
prayed for. We are believing for great
victories in this place. The Mounted
Police are very kind and will render any
assistance needed. One hotel keeper, as
we went before his place to have an
open-air meeting, greeted all the people
out from the bar room and billiard rooms
and said, "Now, you must listen to the
Army girls, for I believe they are all
right. Of course, they disagreed, 'The
people are very kind in giving us things
for the quincies. We expect to have all
our opening expenses clear in a few
weeks. Most of the working people here
are miners, and I believe they are the
best, kind-hearted people one could wish
to meet. We are praying for them to
get saved.—Yours for the salvation of the
people, Annie Hurst, Captain, Lizzie
Bauson, Lieutenant.

THE KNART'S STORY.

I will not doubt, though all my ships at
sea.
Come drifting home with broken masts
and sails.
I will believe the Hand which guided
me.
From seeming evil worketh good for me!
And though I weep because these sails
are tattered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes are
shattered,
"I trust in Thee."

I will not doubt, though all my prayers
return
Unanswered from the still white realm
above;
I will believe it is an all-wise love
Which has refused these things for which
I yearn;
And though at times I cannot keep from
grieving,
Yet the pure ardour of my fixed belief-
ing
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt, though arrows fall like
rain,
And troubles swarm like bees about a
hive;
I will believe the legists for which I
strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain,
And, though I groan and writhe be-
neath my crosses,
I yet shall see through my severest
losses
The greater gain.

I will not doubt. Well anchored in this
faith,
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves
every gale;
So strong is courage will not quail
To breast the mighty unknown sea of
death.
Oh, may I cry, though body parts with
spirit,
"I do not doubt," so listening words
may hear it.
With my last breath!

—Author unknown.

No one ever lost his way through
following Christ.

—A letter to hand from Ensign
Morris, has the printed heading,
"Klondike District." Hurrah for our
latest Missionary Field!

OUR WITNESS BOX.

CAPTAIN MAGGIE HILL.

ABOUT eight years ago I came to
Jesus, a poor, weary sin-sick soul,
and sought and found forgiveness of
sins. After eight years experience as
a follower of God, nearly five of which
have been spent at the front of the
fight as an officer, I feel thankful to



CAPTAIN MAGGIE HILL.
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

God for the victories He has given me,
and to-day I love God and the fight
better than I ever did before. My
God's grace I mean to be a faithful
soldier, one that God can depend upon,
until He said, "It is enough, come up
higher."



GOOD, BUT SHALLOW.

HE is very good, but shallow, I am
sorry to say. Such was the remark I
was obliged to make of one who had
come here for Christian work—a char-
acter against whom nothing in particular
could be said, but a nothing much had
taken a very deep root—a want of depth,
a want of power, a want of very earnest
spirit.
And such the world is filled with—
having next to no influence upon people
who think for themselves—or those who
are reality—or the great world of sin-
ners lying outside. In our hearts is the
seed sown on stony ground, which having
no depth of earth soon are withered
away? Are we living for trifles, or are
we in trifles, living for eternal realities?
Are you real?—Captain Buddhavanti, In-
dia.

SHUT NOT AT ALL.

DON'T snub a boy because he wears
shabby clothes. When Edison, the
inventor of the telephone, first en-
tered Boston he wore a pair of yellow
linen breeches in the depth of winter.
Don't snub a boy because his home is
plain and unpretending; Abraham
Lincoln's home was a log cabin. Don't
snub a boy because of the ignorance of
his parents; Shakespeare, the world's
poet, was the son of a man who was
unable to write his own name. Don't
snub a boy because he chooses a humble
trade; the author of Pilgrim's Progress
was a tinker. Don't snub a boy because
of his physical disability; Milton was
blind. Don't snub a boy because he
stutters; Demosthenes, the great orator
of Greece, overcame a harsh and stum-
bling voice. Don't snub anyone, not
alone because someday they may out-
strip you in the race of life, but because
it is neither kind, nor right, nor Chris-
tian.

BIBLE NOTE.

"Their throat is an open sepulchre."
Rom. iii. 13.
Notice that imagery—AN OPEN SEP-
ULCHRE—and the Book never lies.
A sepulchre is a place of death, it
contains dead men's bones, its associa-
tions are rottenness, decay, stink, mould,
and their throat is an OPEN place of
that sort. The Lord deliver us. C.

OUR PLATFORM.

Local Officer Cassin, of Halifax, on
Seven o'clock Knee-Drill.

Whoever will may come to the 7
o'clock a.m. knee-drill, held in most every
barracks in the Dominion of Canada.
All are invited. Grand times. The Lord
pours out His Spirit and refreshes and
strengthens us for the day's battle for
souls. Why don't you come? People
don't get blessed by snoring in bed too
long in the morning, when they could be
at knee-drill. I feel when I miss
knee-drill I miss a great blessing,
and I don't miss many when I can help
it. If you want to make progress in the
Christian life, try this means of grace.
It will help you. Nothing like prayer to
help and bless our souls, and the souls of
others. Come to these meetings and then
you won't be talking about "the good old
times of long ago," but you will be talk-
ing about the good times to be enjoyed
now.

The Lord is the same, yesterday, to-day
and forever. Come and thank Him for
His mercies and blessings, and for His
saving and keeping power, and let your
life and your all be in His hands for the
salvation of the world.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:—

We will search for missing or runaway
relatives in any part of the globe; be-
friend, or assist, if possible, wronged
women or children, or any person in dif-
ficulty. Address COMMISSIONER EVA
BOOTH, 16 Albert St., Toronto, Canada,
and mark "Missing" on the envelope.
If possible, send fifty cents to defray a
part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers
and Friends will look through the Miss-
ing Column regularly, and if they see
any cases which they could help us with,
we would be pleased if they would do so.

First Insertion.

361. WILLIAMS, THOS. From the
Parish of Cradley, Herefordshire, Eng-
land. Son of Nathaniel and Hannah
Williams. Age 45 or 46. It will be to his
advantage to make his whereabouts
known to Commissioner Booth, S. A.
Temple, Toronto.

361. PARR, THOMAS. Was last seen
by any of his friends in Toronto, Novem-
ber, 1898, shortly after getting his dis-
charge from the Royal Artillery, then
stationed at Halifax, N. S. He is tall,
light complexion, hair and eyes. Would
be about 42 years old now. We have news
for him.

361. Missing, a man, six feet tall, broad
shoulders, stooped little, walks with a
cane, white hair cut close, a dent under
right eye, about 60 years old. Wears a
black soft felt hat. Lately lived in
Vermont, U. S. A. United States Cry
please copy. In answering this ad, please
give number, 361.

361. SIMMONS, JOHN. Who left
Batham, England, some 38 or 39 years
ago. Please communicate with Mr. J. J.
Collins, Victoria Road, Northton, King-
ston, Surrey, England. He will hear of
something to his advantage, or if any-
one can produce a certificate of his death
will be rewarded for his trouble.

361. BOWERY, GEORGE. Came to
Toronto from England some years ago.
The last his people heard of him he was
head of a Lunatic Asylum. We would
very much like his present address.

361. BUMAGE, WILLIAM. Came to
Canada six years ago from Mr. Fagan's
Home in London, England. It is twelve
months since his mother heard from
him. Will be kindly write to us, or
some person please give us his address.

361. CHATMAN, RICHARD. Medium
height, rather stout, fair complexion, age
about 28 years. He was last heard of
about May 1897, at Bodwin, Alta., N.W.T.

361. CULLUM, MISS. Will the person
who wants her address please communi-
cate at once. Colonel Sutt, Investigation
Department, 101 Queen Victoria Street,
London, England.

361. FAULKES, JOHN. About 46
years of age. A spinner by trade. Left
England for America 14 years ago. He
was last heard from two years since.
Was then somewhere in Canada. His
mother is in deep distress. Will he
write at once, or some person please
give us his present address.

361. GILLIESPIE, JOHN. Left Du-
noon, Scotland, 13 years ago on board the
ship "Pinnar," bound for San Fran-
cisco. He is supposed to be sailing
out of St. Johns, Newfoundland. We
are anxious to hear from him or about
him.

361. GOWNLAY, MRS. JESSIE. Her
last known address was Democraville,
Prince Edward Co., Ont. Will she,
or any person knowing her present where-
abouts, please send us her address.

361. PETERS, MRS. C. (nee Burnett).
Last known address was Wellington, Ont.
We would like to be informed at once of
her present whereabouts.

361. TWAITS, ARTHUR. Sailed from
Gravesend, England, for Vancouver four
years ago in the "Islamoor." Will he or
any person acquainted with his where-
abouts please write to us at once.

361. WARDMAN, HARRY. Is sup-
posed to be either in Toronto or Quebec
in business as a butcher. Please send
his address to us. A relative enquires.

361. ROSE, WILLIAM F. Age 33
years, born at Bolemosy, was put in
McPherson's Orphan's Home, at Split-
field, London, England. Came to Canada
in July, 1898, with a party of boys. His
father, Wm. Rose, was a soldier in the
British Army, and also two cousins,
Frank and Harry. He would like to hear
from the above, or any relatives.

361. MILLIGAN, JOHN. A native of
County Armagh, Ireland. Came to the
United States about 40 years ago. When
last heard from was an employee at an
Insane Asylum, Ellen, N. Y. Any in-
formation whatever of the said John Mil-
ligan will be thankfully received. Ad-
dress, Miss Eva Booth, S. A. Temple,
Toronto.

Second Insertion.

361. NOBLE, WILLIAM. About 57
years old. Slightly pock-marked. Stone
mason by trade. His wife's maiden name
was Ann McFarland. No children, but
one adopted girl. Last heard from at
Wyandotte, Kansas. United States Cry
please copy.



SECRETARY CASSIN McQUEEN
of Windsor, Ontario.

Is interested in the War Cry sales, and
finds time to sell on an average 30
every week in Walkerville, where
the Army has lots of friends.

***** COMING EVENTS *****

LOOK OUT FOR THE VISITORS.

BROADER MARCHES.

Fredericton, July 20, 31. St. John I,
August 1, 2-Aug. 2, 2:30 p.m., officers'
meeting; half-night of prayer from 8
to 11. St. John II, August 3, St. John
III, August 4, Digby, August 5, Yar-
mouth, August 6, 7. Bear River, Au-
gust 8, Annapolis, August 8, Windsor,
August 10, Dartmouth, August 11,
August 12, August 12-2:30 p.m., officers'
meeting; half night of prayer from 8
to 11 p. m. Halifax II, August 13,
Halifax I, August 14, August 14,
Truro, August 15. New Glasgow, August
16, 17-Aug. 17, 2:30 p.m. officers' meeting;
8 p.m., half-night of prayer. North Syd-
ney, August 18.

C. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

CAPTAIN COLLIER—Clinton August
15; Bayfield, August 18, 19; Goderich,
August 20, 21; Wingham, August 22, 23;
Teeswater, August 24; Walkerton, August
25; Cliford, August 26; Palmerston 27;
28; Listowel, August 29; Drayton, August
30; Rothay, August 31.

ENSIGN ANDREWS—Aurora, August
8; Newmarket, August 9; Holland Land-
ing, August 10; Stroud, August 11; Barrie,
August 12; Collingwood, August 13, 14;
Russellton, August 15; Parrie, August 16;
Orillia, August 17, 18; Cheltenham, August
19; Midland, August 20, 21; Peaseport,
August 22; Gravenhurst, August 23;
Bradville, August 24; Braebridge, Au-
gust 25, 26; Huntsville, August 27, 28;
Burk's Falls, August 29; Ahmic Lake,
August 30; Duncuburn, August 31.

HUSTLING IN THE HEAT!

In Desperation Bennett Sends His Totals to the Top—Not Yet Malted, Hargrave is Second—Southall, Slightly Affected by the Intense Heat, Takes Third Place.

THIS WEEK'S TOTALS: HUSTLERS, 233; SALES, \$467.

EAST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 52.	Sales, 2,156.
Capt. Wilson, St. Albans	150
Ensign Walker, Belleville	145
Sergt. Mrs. Duddley, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	120
Sergt. Perkins, Barre	104
Lieut. McFarlane, Napanee	90
Lieut. Woods, Morrisburg	77
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal II.	72
Mrs. Simons, Kingston	62
Lieut. Norman, Quebec	59
Lieut. Craig, St. Albans	50
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Pleton	50
Capt. Norman, Pembroke	50
Capt. Lalond, Renfrew	46
Lieut. Owen, Brighton	45
Capt. Mingo, Millbrook	42
Lieut. Dora, Deseronto	42
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	40
Treas. Gillan, Renfrew	40
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	40
Sister Riches, Montreal IV.	40
Ensign Kendall, Cobourg	37
Capt. Connelley, Port Hope	37
Bro. Hersey, Barre	36
Bro. Wathen, Kingston	36
Sister Chillingworth, Montreal IV.	36
Capt. Williams, Port Hope	33
Mrs. Hamilton, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	31
Sister Burk, Belleville	30
Sister Libbie Orser, Pleton	30
Lieut. Dawson, Pembroke	30
Sergt. Jenner, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	30
Adjt. McAmmond, Kingston	28
Sergt. Major Russell, Millbrook	28
Lieut. Dora, Cobourg	25
Sister Maud Wilson, Ottawa	25
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	23
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, Kingston	23
Capt. Green, Kingston	23
Adjt. Blackburn, Pleton	23
Sister Annie Downey, Kingston	22
Birdie McNammy, Kingston	22
Cand. Hoole, Montreal II.	21
Sergt. Ront, Belleville	20
Mrs. Sturmy, Pleton	20
Capt. Crego, Sunbury	20
Sister Spooner, Barre	20
Capt. Kirkwood, Brighton	18
Sister Ada Hayes, Napanee	18
Ensign Parker, Quebec	16
Capt. Comstock, Morrisburg (av. 2 wks)	16
Sister Lydia Phelps, Pleton	15
Mrs. Juby, Pleton	13

CENTRAL ONTARIO, Southern Section.

Hustlers, 45.	Sales, 1,541.
Sister Maggie Correll, Temple	125
Sister Mrs. Medlock, Temple	100
Ensign Fox, Bowmanville	91
Mrs. Skeddah, Hamilton I.	80
Sergt. Pearce, Temple	67
Lieut. Wadge, Riverside	58
Sergt. Ida Murdoch Liggar	48
S-M. Bowers, Lisgar	46
Bro. Dixon, Temple	45
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines	45
Capt. Stallard, Riverside	45
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Brampton	40
Capt. Jones, Brampton	39
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	35
S-M. Bowers, Lisgar	35
S-M. Beall, St. Catharines	31
Cadet Craig, Lippincott	31
Cadet Horwood, Lippincott	29
Ensign Cameron, Riverside	25
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	25
Chas. C. Gould, Shady Farm (av. 2 wks)	25
Sergt. Minnie Skeels, Lisgar	25
Mrs. Glicks, Yorkville	25
Cand. Kemple, Temple	25
Sergt. Small, St. Catharines	24
Sergt. Stevens, Riverside	22
Cand. Lambert, Temple	22
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton	22
Cadet Young, Lippincott	22
Cadet Liddell, Lippincott	21
Uncle George, Hamilton I.	20
Carrie Bruce, Hamilton I.	20
Sister Lake, Temple	20
Mrs. Moore, Yorkville	20
Adjt. Wiggins, Lisgar	20
Cadet Cook, Lippincott	19
Cadet Skeels, Lippincott	18
Mrs. Thatcher, Hamilton I.	17
S-M. Bradley, Temple	17
Jose Lichtbort, Hamilton I.	15
Father Curry, Hamilton I.	15
Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville	15
Capt. Rowe, Yorkville	15
Mrs. Davey, Eglinton	15
Sister Garvey, Temple	15

WEST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 44.	Sales, 2,114.
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	219
Capt. Hellman, London	145
Lieut. Bonny, Bradford	120
Ensign Culcutt, Stratford	85
Capt. Howcroft, Goderich	80
Adjt. Coombs, London	80
Capt. Fell, Palmerston	70
Lieut. Burrows, Sarnia	70

Ensign Gamble, Berlin	65
Capt. Mathers, Sarnia	65
Capt. Halsey, Stratford	64
S-M. Mrs. Rock, Chatham	63
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	63
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	60
Sergt. Gerie Yeomans, Chatham	49
Lieut. Copeman, Clinton	45
Mrs. Ensign McKensie, Guelph	45
Sister Hattie Erbe, Berlin	41
Capt. McCutcheon, Brantford	40
Ensign Raynor, Paris	40
Capt. Runnigton, Stratford	40
Sister Emma Dennis, Guelph	39
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas	38
Lieut. Hodgson, Stratford	38
Leut. Carr, Paris	37
Mrs. Olinore, Simcoe (av. 3 wks)	35
Sister M. Haldane, Stratford	33
Sister Mary Schuster, Berlin	32
Lieut. Jordan, Bothwell	32
Lieut. Mumford, Palmerston	30
Capt. Dowell, Bothwell	30
Sergt. Norfolk, London	30
Mother Goodchild, St. Thomas	25
S-M. Graham, Thamesville	25
Sister Annie Hampton, St. Thomas	24
Ensign McKensie, Guelph	24
Sister Grace Craft, Chatham	21
S-M. Cook, Clinton	16
Sergt. Hockings, St. Thomas	15

PROOF POSITIVE.



"Want, boys, youse may laugh—but I tell yer Steve's saved all right; Why I seen him down the street just now a-sellin' War Cry."

Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London	15
Sergt. Palmer, London	15
Sergt. Mrs. Butt, London	15
Sister Mary Knuckie, Goderich	15
Sister Annie Thompson, Sarnia	15

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 37.	Sales, 1,235.
Sister Minnie Smith, Windsor (av. 2 wks)	208
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I.	190
Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown (av. 2 wks)	177
Lieut. Logan, Fredericton	107
Capt. Goodwin, Halifax I.	100
Sis. Maggie Graham, Charlottetown	88
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	81
J. S. Sergt. Vaughan, Charlottetown (av. 2 wks)	50
S-M. Cuthbertson, Moncton	50
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	49
Mrs. Capt. Bowering, Glace Bay	45
Sister Maggie Holden, Windsor (av. 2 wks)	45
Capt. Bowering, Glace Bay (av. 2 wks)	40
Sergt. Major Morrison, Glace Bay	40
Capt. J. W. Clark, Fredericton	40
Sergt. Mrs. Marshall, Digby	40
S-M. Chase, Digby	39
Lieut. Muthart, Woodstock	39
Capt. Jennings, Chatham	34
Lieut. Hudson, Chatham	34
Sister Mrs. Crea, Woodstock	30
Mary Ferguson, Charlottetown	30
Sister McFarlane, Moncton	30

Sister Graham, Halifax I.	28
Sergt. Rodgers, Windsor (av. 2 wks)	27
Sister Mary Pollock, Fredericton (av. 2 wks)	27
Capt. Campbell, Kentville	25
Lieut. Held, Kentville	25
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	25
Mother England, Chatham	25
Sister Maud Bently, Fredericton	25
Sister Lizzie Liebans, Fredericton (av. 2 wks)	23
Sister Susie Liebans, Fredericton (av. 2 wks)	20
Sister Horton, Moncton	15
Mrs. Roberts, Port Elgin	15
Rose Wigley, Halifax I.	15

CENTRAL ONTARIO, Northern Section.

Hustlers, 33.	Sales, 781.
Sergt. Miles, Barrie	65
Sergt. Mrs. Bone, Barrie	58
Capt. Barker, Newmarket	50
Lieut. Dales, Newmarket	50
Capt. McCann, North Bay	42
Lieut. Capper, Barrie	40
Sergt. Lucy Fairly, Bracebridge	40
Capt. Charlton, Parry Sound	33
Ensign Altwell, Orillia	32
Sergt. Gray, Midland (av. 3 wks)	32
Lieut. Mainland, North Bay	30
Capt. Mitchell, Chesley	23
Mrs. Dyker, Orillia	23
Lieut. J. Broad, Huntsville	25
Capt. O'Neil, Huntsville	25
Lieut. Marshall, Orillia	25
Capt. Glass, Parry Sound	22
Capt. Nelson, Orillia	22
Lieut. Biosa, Faversham	22
Bro. M. Green, Norland	20
Bro. Langridge, Huntsville	20
Cadet Young, Huntsville	17
Adjt. Moore, Bracebridge	15
Sister Elsie Fenslon Falls	15
S-M. Menzies, Fenslon Falls	15

Sister Howe, St. Johns I.	20
Sister Fisher, St. Johns I.	19
Sergt. Wyatt, St. Johns I.	17

Is it possible? Increase? F. P. can hardly believe it, especially when the trend of things is so very, very plainly towards the other extreme. All one has to do these days is to sit and—not meditate—melt.

Ah! A happy thought strikes the melting one. Maybe the cause of the melting is the sitting. At any rate our hustlers this week demonstrate that it is possible, despite the heat, to keep well on the go, and increase.

I appeal to all sympathetic hustlers for their opinion on the following: "Dear F. P., We have sounded the alarum, and taken up our adversary's mitten at last. The dauntless II. shall bite the dust, and as for B., of the East, we shall show him a thing or two before many weeks are over. This is but a start, and only half the rate at which we are capable of going."

This sounds desperate, and enuseth the pulse of the humble one to beat faster. But stay! There is a saving clause. This remarkable epistle ends with the following: "You and I may yet embrace over a soda lemon and ice cream."

At the very thought of ice cream, F. P. is cooled.

Bennett's accomplishment this week, in the East Ontario Province, brings very forcibly to F. P.'s mind the words of the immortal bard of Stratford-on-Avon.

"RICHARD IS HIMSELF AGAIN!"

The feat is certainly worthy of the E. O. P.'s chief.

The following is full of contrition. "I am feeling somewhat guilty and will repent, and do confess I could have helped you a little in the past. As I had not large figures for sales of War Cry, I did not send the small, but here goes to do better in the future."

Thou art forgiven, penitent one, only don't forget our doing better, and I must say in closing, "Be not weary in well doing."

Pressure of space and extremely of heat compelleth F. P. to draw his notes to a hurried conclusion while there is something left of him.

Keep cool, beloved hustlers, but keep a-hustling.

Yours mutually,

FOUNTAIN PEN.

The Conversion of the "World's Saloon" into a S. A. Barracks.

A splendid victory has been won in securing and converting the former "World's Saloon" into a Salvation Army barracks. The repeated moving of the barracks has been the chief difficulty for years past in Spokane. No sooner were we in possession of a likely place than we were informed by our landlord that on account of this and that and the other, an offer of higher rent being mostly the reason, we had better be on the lookout for another building. A subtle plan for our purpose was not always found, hence our dear comrades were "shifted about in great style," according to Western dialect. At times the meetings were held in the open air only, the next time we were probably found in a tent. In connection with our last move the Mayor of the city very kindly gave us the use of the City Hall, etc., etc., but now with great joy the sentence joins the lips of every Salvationist here, "We have a home!"

"The World's Saloon" was known in the city as one of the devil's most thorough agencies. Sin and vice in their different branches abounded there in an unlimited measure, but to-day, after some great of brow, and some hard toll and self-sacrifice on the part of the officers and soldiers, we have been successful in securing this place for a number of years, and making it into a birthplace of souls.

A three days' special opening campaign had been planned. The Provincial and City Staff, the Washington Marine Band, besides the local corps were to the front. The new barracks with seating capacity for over 350 was packed at all public meetings. Collections, including donations amounted to \$300, so that all debt is nearly wiped off to begin with. God bless the liberal givers. Nine souls for cleansing and pardon. A splendid interest was manifested by all—C. A.

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most secure with interest for land and suna. Full particulars can be had from Major Bennett, Corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

Tune—
1 Who
I have
Heart—
Yes, oh
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Yes, oh
ing
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way
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The
I long to
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One
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Now and
So, Halle
Now and
Perchance
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"All had
my soul
The day
Thought o
We'll star
No more
home
Tune—We
3 I ha
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He
An
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Come, o
Heal you
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He's be
Cleanse
Saves fr
Shiner fl
Let Him
Give you
Bide you
Tune—Ju
4 Just
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Burdened
bleat
Trust not
Christ bri
Oh, weu
Come, lea
Count all
His grace
Oh, need
Come thit
Thine ac
Ths mercy
Oh, trea
The Spirit
Rejoicing
Who faint
come
Thy Savi

SONGS

Holiness Song.

Tune.—I have heard of a Saviour's love.

1 Who can say that my heart is made clean?
I am pure from the stains of my sin,
I have found in this wonderful stream,
Heart-cleansing and healing within?

Chorus.

Yes, oh yes, you may come to this wonderful stream,
Yes, oh yes, there's cleansing and healing within.

Can you say in your heart reigns supreme
A constant desire for the fight,
To suffer this poor world to redeem,
For service I'm ready to-night?

Will you come to this all-cleansing flood?
Will you wash all your weakness away?
You will find in the fullness of God
Power to help you live holy each day.

Adjutant Archibald.

Hallelujah for Ever!

Tune.—Beulah land.

2 I'll hasten on my King to meet,
And east my crown at Jesus' feet,
The ransom paid, the victory won,
I long to hear His glad "Well done!"

Chorus.

And, oh, what rapture in the thought,
One soul to glory to have brought,
So, Hallelujah! loud and long,
Now and forever be my song!
So, Hallelujah! loud and long,
Now and forever be my song!

Perchance to heaven one day, to me,
Some blessed saint will come and say,
"All hail! beloved, but for thee,
My soul to death had been a prey."

The day is ours, there's no defeat,
Though oft we march with weary feet,
We'll stand at last around the Throne,
No more farewells when we reach home.

Come to my Redeemer.

Tune.—We are out on the ocean sailing.

3 I have found a friend in Jesus,
And He's very dear to me,
He my load of sin has taken,
And from bondage set me free.

Chorus.

Come, oh, come to my Redeemer,
Come, oh, come, He'll set you free,
Heal your wounded, broken spirit,
Give you peace and liberty.

I can trust my Friend, so precious,
He's the One who knows my heart,
Cleansed my soul from sin's corruption,
Saves from all, and not a part.

Sinner friend, come to my Saviour,
Let Him save your guilty soul,
Give you joy where now you're sorrow,
Bid you rise and be made whole.

Lieutenant Mainprize.

Just as You Are.

Tune.—Just as I am, without one plea.

4 Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love or joy or inward grace,
Or meekness for the heavenly place,
Oh, guilty sinner, come, oh, come,

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world—it gives no rest;
Christ brings relief to hearts oppressed;
Oh, weary sinner, come, oh, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the Cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross,
His grace repays all earthly loss;
Oh, needy sinner, come, oh, come!

Come thither, bring thy boding fears—
Thine aching head, thy bursting tears,
"Thy mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
Oh, trembling sinner, come, oh, come!

The Spirit and the Bride say "Come,"
Rejoicing saints re-echo "Come,"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come,
Thy Saviour bids thee come, oh come!

Out of Love.

Tunes.—Better world; Christ for me;
or, What's the news?

5 Yes, Jesus left His home on high,
Out of love, out of love;
To suffer death for you and I,
Out of love, out of love!
Our awful sins were on Him rolled,
Oh, look, poor sinner, and behold!
He shed His precious blood, we're told,
Out of love, out of love!

He had nowhere His head to lay,
Out of love, out of love;
He walked the streets both night and day,
Out of love, out of love!

Oh, sinner, will you now begin,
Take up your cross and follow Him?
He's promised He would take you in,
Out of love, out of love!

Oh, sinner, will you stop and think
Of His love, of His love?
To have His hands and feet so torn,
Out of love, out of love!
Oh, will you come to Him to-day,
And get your sins all washed away,
And walk with us the narrow way,
Filled with love, filled with love?

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling to the OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the Canadian Steamship Lines, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to Major Sakerow, S. A. Temple, Toronto.



GOING ON TO PERFECTION! God's Forging-Place over the Jordan.

These solid rocks of truth God has placed as stepping-stones between the wilderness of justification, and the glorious indwelling of the spirit of Pentecostal fullness, that His church may walk safely and quickly over! This design will make plain the fact that "consecration" or "all for Jesus" is not holiness, as some think. TO STAND ON THAT FIRST STONE IS TO STAY IN THE WILDERNESS! In the days of Joshua, "the people trusted and

passed over." So it ought to be to-day. The child of God who hears His voice saying, "Arise, go over this Jordan," and joyfully obeys, need not spend much time "standing on the promises." He needs only to know he has sure footing, and then leap from rock to rock and land in the place of rest and gospel fullness! Those who are "over" are a victorious company, always testifying to the good qualities of the "good land." Oh, for thousands more of these witnesses.



TALL.

"Papa?"
"Well?"
"How tall is the man who is above criticism?"—Judge.
Papa would have a hard time to answer this question.

A man who is above criticism is a long way taller than the average man, for the latter may have a tall tongue, but when adverse criticism affects his pocket, or touches his business or friends, he is quickly cowed and does not think it "good policy" to go against the general opinion of the public, or a good customer.

The man who is above criticism can be seen more than head and shoulders above the crowd of politicians and public men. He is quickly spotted, stands out as a fine target for slander. He is unmoved by praise or abuse, because he is too tall to take notice of it; he is above speculating in stock that his vote may turn to advantage, he is not small enough to resort to tricks, but he is so tall that friends and enemies can plainly see him above the rest and can watch him better.

If he is in power he is taller still. His enemies fear him and gnash their teeth while they curse him in impotent rage. Knaves and fools in rival positions discolor in powerless envy and plan how to bring him down; flatterers despair in their fruitless attempts to gain favors through their smooth, sweet tongues, that sing sickly his praise; the wicked and corrupt crumble under his rule, for he is very tall and can see over the heads

of others, quickly checking the evil and encouraging the good.

Indeed, he is tall, who is above criticism. He is taller than the majority of God's ministers. He is too tall to see the advantage of having many rich members and to retain their good favors, he is too high up to stoop to small tricks, he is above the bribes of men who indulge in questionable business.

He is so tall that meanness and selfishness is only high enough to be trodden under his feet, for his hands part the clouds and reach for the happiness of heaven. His eyes are too elevated to be delighted with the small amusements of men, for they see the surpassing beauty of eternal things. His ear is high enough above the din of the dust to catch the strains of immortality. His thoughts are akin to the Divine, and righteousness is the road they travel on. Love is the chariot that carries them, and sympathy and sacrifice are the prancing steeds that pull them swiftly in duty's path.

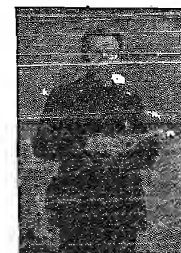
Would you like to have a tall soul? The grace of God is sufficiently powerful to expand your soul and to raise it above criticism.

BRUNO FRIEDRICH.

PUSH!

BY ADJUTANT MAGES

Why do soldiers cease to fight?
Want of push!
Why can't they enjoy the light?
Want of push!
Why so shallow in their souls?
Why so few upon the rolls?
Why so many coughs and colds?
Want of push!
Why are marches few and small?
Want of push!
Why no people in the hall?
Want of push!
Why they always are so late?
Why they're never up to date?
Why found loafing at the gate?
Want of push!
Why the speaking is so dry?
Want of push!
Why they grumble, groan and sigh?
Want of push!
Why the finances are small?
Why the ginnies seem so tall?
Why no order in the hall?
Want of push!
Why the flag drags on the ground?
Want of push!
Why old War Crys lie around?
Want of push!
Why the knee drill is no more?
Why tobacco's on the floor?
Why you do not make your corps?
Want of push!
Why they do not like to beg?
Want of push!
Why they do not burst the egg?
Want of push!
Why they harken in their shell?
Why they can't God's praises tell?
Why they don't save souls from hell?
Want of push!
Why my brother don't you fight?
Have some push!
Why not die or do the right?
Have some push!
Why not to the fountain go?
Why not to washed white as snow?
Why, with God within, I know
You'll have some push.



SEGT-MAJOR MITCHELL
Of Mandan, N.D.

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Diamond Dust.

PRIDE is the natural pickpocket.

If you can't be a sun don't be a cloud.

Don't blame your luck, but blame your pluck.

The obedience of the heart is the art of obedience.

It is hard for bad motives to drive good bargains.

God-sent messages never go to the dead-letter office.

God can make the night side of our life the bright side.

Society's glowworms always shine with a sickly light.

It is not the length, but the strength of prayer that tells.

You will soon be a wreck if you let Satan take the helm.

A big heart and a big pocketbook seldom travel far together.

Wearing finery unpaid for, is respectability unpaid for.

At the Angel Inn many a man is made a demon through sin.

Your ideal may easily become your idol unless your ideal is Christ.

When a man makes a fool of himself he generally does the job well.

Live to God's glory here if you want to live in God's glory hereafter.

As a matter of fact, nobody believes in a hell except for his neighbor.

Don't let your memory become a mere row of hooks to hang grudges on.

A prayer for guidance on election-day is quite as appropriate as on Sunday.

Conversion is not becoming better than your fellows, but better than yourself.

The head that was pierced with the crown of thorns can feel for your thorn in the flesh.

Some people join a church for the same reason that they take out a fire-insurance policy.

Weeds thrive best in richest soil. This applies to churches as well as to fields and gardens.

If you would fare well with Christ, you must bid farewell to the devil.

In a Watchdog.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, at the request of an English lord, once abridged the Book of Common Prayer. The entire catechism which it contains to-day was cut down to two questions with their answers: "What is your duty to God?" and "What is your duty to your neighbor?" This is the real aim and substance of all the catechisms, and includes all that is essential or profitable.

Why Should You?

I HAVE nothing to do with to-morrow. My Saviour will make that His care; Should He fill it with joy or with sorrow. He'll help me to suffer and bear. I have nothing to do with to-morrow. Its burden, then, why should I bear? Its grace and its strength I can't borrow; Then why should I borrow its care?

IT IS ALWAYS BEST FOR A MAN TO KEEP HIS TEMPER. NO ONE ELSE WANTS IT.

DRUNKEN DAVE GILL.

A SCOTCH STORY.

A M' feared ye'll no understan' muckle o' what a'm gan to say," began Brother David Gill, of Chiswick, in his native dialect; but as the Cry man was born and brought up in glen of the Scottish border, he quickly assured him that his fears were groundless.

"As was born in Ayrshire," he continued, "an' ma boyhood was spent in Govan. Ma parents were religious. Ma father was

A Precentor in the Kirk.

an' he died when aa was ten years auld. Aa was a ship's plater at Govan, in Dobbie's yard, an' aa gat on well; but aa drifted into bad company, an' learnt to drink.

A Penned a Day:

an' aa went on drinkin', an' was never properly sober for twenty years." "Ye see, aa was brought up in a public-house," interposed Mrs. Gill. "Ma mither kept the pub, an' aa was verra young. There was nae prayers in ma hame; aa kened naethin' about the Bible nor religion, an' aa was allowed to gae on as aa liked, aa became a drunkard in me airly twenties."

"Well," continued Brother Gill, "ye'll unperstain' that the

Two on us,

bein' fond o' drink, helped ane anither



"Oh, God! Help me to Fight the Drink!"

become drunkards. We went about the racecourses, fit-bat matches, drinkin' and bettin', an' wastin' vor money. We must hae drunk an' thousand puns (\$20,000) in twenty years."

"Even when we did git a hame taegither," explained Mrs. Gill, "it would be gone the next week, pawned or sold for drink."

"Then we left Scotland," said David, "came to Newcastle, worked in Alnstrangs a bit, went to Howden, doon the Tyne, and airned twelve-an'-sax-pence a day for two years, drinkin' all the time. At last aa left an' went to the Tozer Brig at London, which was in course of construction; but, before aa could gae there, aa had to borrow money to sole me boots. As aa gat mendin' me boots, aa began to meditate an' think about the years an' years o' sin an' the

Thousands o' Puns

an' spent in drink. Aa still had a prayin' mither in Scotland an' aa thought o' her, an' hoo often she prest me to be guld. Aa began to cry. The weight o' me sins fairly crushed the spirit oot o' me. We had to pawn our only bed to raise the amount o' our boat fare to London."

"We tuk rooms in Dockhead, above a public-house," said Mrs. Gill, "an' we continued drinkin'. Before leavin' the North, aa was crossin' the Tyne in a boat, al Howden, an' hae waf across an jumped oot into the river when aa

Was in the 'Blues

w' drink; but aa was rescued in time.

In Dockhead slums aa soon found a lot o' drinkin' women, 'cause aa had money to spend. Ane nicht aa felt varra miserable, 'cause aa had no money to spend. So aa went to the Army slum barracks. Aa was sober at the time, an' kened weel what was about. Captain Johnstone came an' pleaded w' me, an' led me oot to the penitent form, an' aa began to pray, an' God saved me. That was sax years ago, an' though a doctor said aa would never be cured o' drink eravin', yet God tuk it awa that nicht. He saved me, an' He had kept me all this time. We hadna a penny nor a bed when aa gat saved. Davie gat saved three months after, an' then we were like a new-wedded couple. We gat

A Braw Heece

taegither, saved fifty puns (\$500) in a twelve-month, an' gave liberally to the corps besides. To God be all the glory!"

"Aa must tell ye hoo aa gat saved," said Davie. "The first twelve-month aa worked on the Tozer Brig aa was never sober. Aa got sacked time after time. Aa became a terrible drunkard. From the first day aa landed in London aa gat worse and worse. Aa cam in drunk, sat doon in the Minorities, an' sang, 'Scots whae hae w' Wallace bled.'"

"But one nicht aa went w' me wife to the Army. The Captain sang, 'I'm nearer my hame!' Aa thought o' ma hame an' ma mither far awa' in Govan, an' my heart fattered. "Aa was convicter o' sin through that meetin'. Next day, at work, aa slunk awa' among the girders o' the Brig, an' an' lifted ma hae to heaven, an' w' me broken heart aa cried, 'Oh, God! help me to fight the drink!' Aa

became teetotal from that time, and shortly after aa knelt at the penitent form in the Dockhead Slum barracks, and God saved me through an' through. Ane the cravin' for drink came upon me, but praise God! aa gat victory on ma knees."

Since the wife an' me became Salvationists we've paid all our debts doon in the North o' England. Ma mither died after aa gat converted, an' she always said God would allow her to live to see me saved.

"Our hame in Chiswick is a gran' contrast to the one we had before gettin' salvation," she hoose. We are soldiers o' the corps here, an' we balth thank God for the Salvation Army."

Intensity for Extensy.

EVERYWHERE in Christ's church the requirement is not more meetings, more organizations, more active work, but first more leisure to look into His face. For extensy of work you need intensity of life; for much labor you need much life. Is He your life?

If we are too busy to walk with Christ we are only idly busy. The Laodicean church was an active, busy organization, yet the love of Christ was lukewarm and He stood without the door. It is evident that He was not the centre and mainpring of that church's activity.

WITNESS BOX.

CADET IDA HEARNES,
Photographer at the Army Headquarters in Montreal.
TELLS OF JESUS AND HIS LOVE.

FROM early childhood I have come in contact a great deal with the Army. I have always loved it, and the principle foundation for my love was the fact that it sought the redemption of those sunken in sin, and with loving and tender hands reached for and lifted the poor degraded outcasts of society to a newness of life in Christ. How my heart has always been touched as my eyes have gazed upon the wretchedness of such creatures, brought low by sin and fleshly lusts. As I grew older I thought I should like in some way to help them, and God pointed out to me that the S. A. warfare was a shamed through which I could do much good, but to engage in such a warfare meant fighting, the relinquishing of many hopes, and was a sacrifice I counted too dear. At last, however, I got converted and started to live and fight for God, and was a faithful servant for a long time; I had stepped out of the world, and taken my stand as a Salvationist. Then Satan came with his alluring smile, tempting me with the false and glittering pleasures of the world. My youth, instead of leaning more heavily upon the Omnipotent Arm of Jehovah, gave way to him. My opposition as a Salvationist was indeed great. Why should I be called upon to bear such cruel opposition, taking up with the scorn of the world, and being made the object of much ridicule, when my associates seemed to have such happiness in their life? This was a question which puzzled me much. Why should I be singled out amongst them all? Oh, it was hard, I thought. I had a passionate love for dress, the latest fashions I must have, and went in for the amusements of the world, and yet with all I was so discontented and unhappy. Why was it? I always was religiously inclined, but I wanted to be a Christian in my own way. God wanted me in the Army. I was now convinced of that fact. I loved it very much, admitted it was doing a great work for God, and I longed to be one of the workers, but it meant a separation from the world, the putting aside of all finery, and the donning of the plain S. A. uniform, and I felt the price too high to pay. A backslider? Ah, yes, and no one knows but those who have been in like state, the anguish of a backslider's soul. For months I was a backslider, stamped upon me. I could find no rest. Many a time after an evening's apparent pleasure I have gone to my room to weep, with a heart over-burdened, and yet fearing to sleep lest God should require an account of my life ere the dawn of another day. For three years nearly I was thus weighed down, and in glancing backward over that period I wonder that God dealt so kindly with me. Truly His mercy endureth forever. I was so obstinate, and yet He cared for me so tenderly and His love again won my sorrowful heart. I shall never forget the night that God brought me back to Him, and when my sins were rolled from off my burdened heart. Such a relief! It was heaven on earth, and I arose from my knees a new creature in Christ Jesus. Soon after my conversion I was enrolled as a soldier and for eleven months fought hours of darkness when I knew not which way to turn, as it were, but a bright light from heaven has shone brightly upon me, illuminating my soul. There have been times when I have been left wounded upon the battle-field, but the Divine Physician has ever near, bound up my wounds, and I arose stronger in the faith of my precious Lord. I can also record wonderful triumphs, glorious victories, when the enemy has been driven back and I have, through Christ, stood our ground. Bless His name! I applied for and was accepted for S. A. service and am to-day enlisted 'neath the yellow, Red and Blue fighting for God, and seeking to save the poor, helpless, and dying humanity. Happy? Yes, as happy as can be. "No more cruel tears, no more bitter tears, no more sleepless nights, I have the deep, calm peace which comes to an obedient child. I love my Saviour supremely, and love my work, am truly satisfied and now past experience has profited, and now I seek to turn others from devilish ways into the Path of Truth and righteousness, and live continually a life of heart-felt praise to my blessed Redeemer for His goodness to me."

IDA E. HEARNES.